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THEODORE CYPHON;

OR

THE BENEVOLENT JEW:

A NOVEL.

VOL. III.

THEODORE CYPHON;

OR

THE BENEVOLENT JEW:

A NOVEL.

IN THREE VOLUMES.

BY

GEORGE WALKER,

AUTHOR OF THE HOUSE OF TYNIAN, &c.

VOL. III.

Ah! wilt thou then recal the ſcene of woe,
And teach again my ſcalding tears to flow?
Thou know'ſt not how tremendous is the tale;
My brain will madden, and my utterance fail.

ANONYMOUS.

THE SECOND EDITION.

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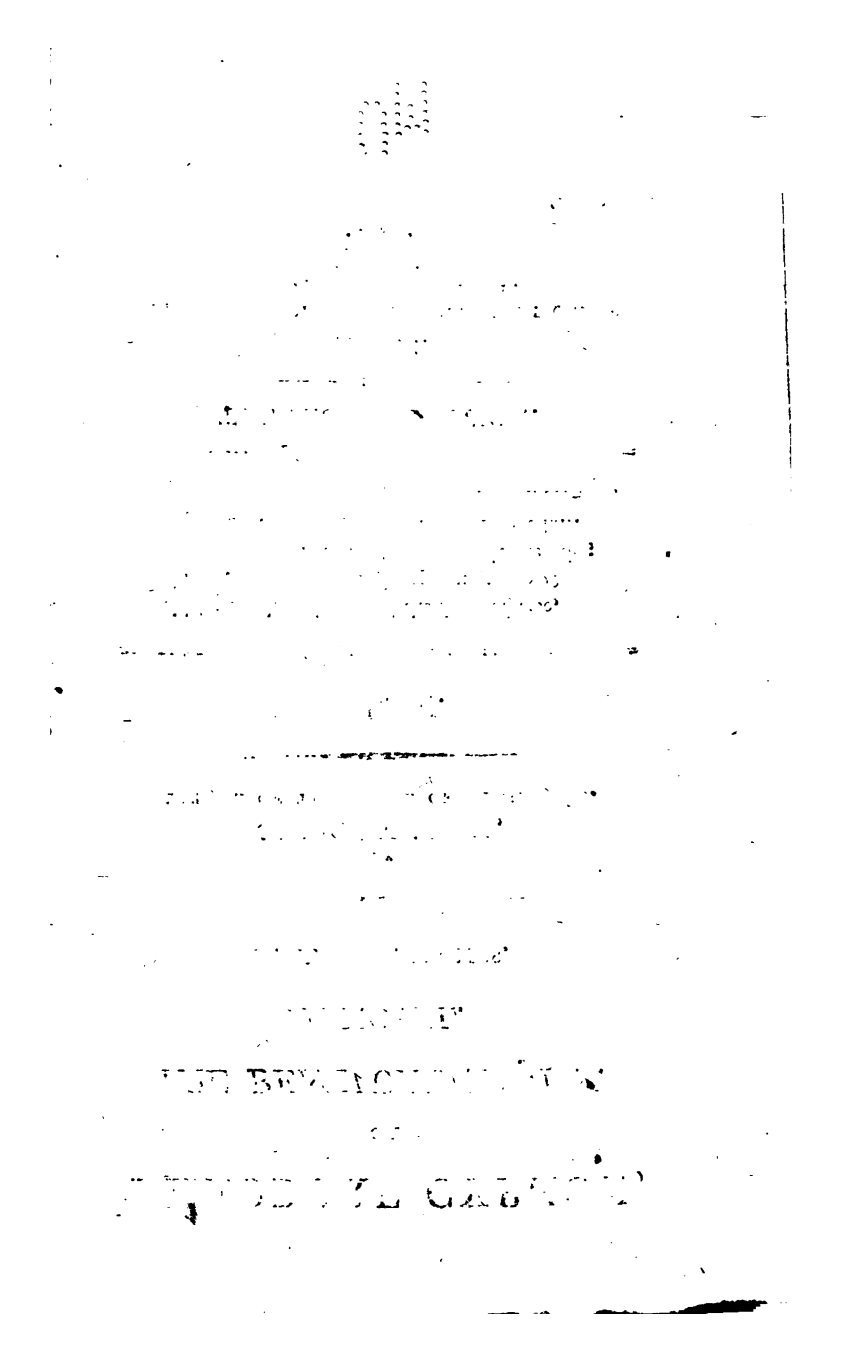
1796.



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THEODORE CYPHON.

CHAP. I.

Again the bark approaches land,
Again it nears the ſhore;
But daſh'd upon a faithleſs ſtrand,
It ſinks, to riſe no more.

THE various modes of life and habits of men Hanſon had witneſſed in his circumambulation, took from him every appearance of conſtraint, and he ſubſcribed without difficulty to the ways of Shechem. He was a *man of the earth*, one who regarded the various follies of his ſpecies as trifles; he conſidered the Jew, the Chriſtian, and the Infidel as ſtanding on a level.

His travels had given him a taſte for the ſombrous ſhade of feature, and from the time

he firſt ſaw Eve, he fancied ſhe poſſeſſed the charms of Aſiatic beauty, with the more permanent quality of duration. Her religion was no conſideration. He would not have ſcrupled becoming a diſciple of Moſes, to the traduction of that form of faith in which he had been ſedulouſly inſtructed.

Yet before he gave way to the paſſion which had touched him, duty led him to enquire out his relations, and inſtitute a ſcrutiny after the loſt Eliza. In this point all his endeavours were exerted without fruition, with ſo much care had ſhe eluded thoſe, whoſe ſight would have wounded her to the heart, that love. friendſhip, and fraternity ſought in vain.

His company, by ſupplying the abſence of Theodore, was pleaſing to Shechem, who loved to liſten to his Eaſtern deſcriptions, and retraced thoſe places where much of his youth had been ſpent. Hanſon in turn made no ſcruple in accepting a chamber in the houſe of the

the Jew, as it furniſhed innumerable opportunities of performing thoſe little attentions that win the heart of the fair: for love, like many other paſſions, is the child of ſociety.

Edward, who ſo long had balanced between love and prejudice, and had, under what he fancied *diſintereſted friendſhip*, promoted the intereſts of the younger Miſs Hanſons; now, when her brother was returned a Nabob in wealth, though not in character, began to fear ſome other, leſs ſcrupulous about the world's opinion than himſelf, would carry from him a woman he might in vain endeavour to equal. He therefore overcame the pride of blood, and her brother beſtowing on her a competent ſettlement, Sophia was married to another branch of the Imperial Cyphons.

It was not poſſible that Eve, who had experienced the tender paſſion, could miſtake its actuation in Hanſon; but ſhe did not yet find herſelf diſpoſed to encourage him, though

his virtues and generosity commanded her esteem.

The fate of Theodore yet hung in suspence. The man who had saved her honour, and perhaps her life, who had first impressed on her heart the universal impulsion of nature and refined sensation, was under circumstances of fearful doubt; and whilst her heart was weaned from him, in the conviction of the impossibility of attainment, it could not readily adopt another in his place, whose qualities, though great, were not parallel.

A lawyer of note had been sent to Squire Cyphon, with a mandate of threatened prosecution on the part of a brother, unless he produced Eliza; but the tyrant, confident in his measures, declared he could bring witnesses of the death of that brother, and that therefore he who now assumed the name must be an imposture. He was, however, far from being easy in his own mind, though he could not

riot poſſibly account for ſuch a return, and ſought, in augmented precaution, to obviate the unknown danger jealouſy pourtrayed as hanging over him.

It is not eaſy to imagine a ſtate more miſerable than his. Under every dark ſuggeſtion of an evil mind, and the knowledge of repeated crimes, the phantom of power and honour he had purſued, ever eluded his graſp; he found that mankind would not tamely endure oppreſſion, he knew himſelf the object of inveterate hatred, and had the conſolation ever before him, that no eye would weep at his death, and that thoſe who beheld him, though menials in his ſervice, would gladly have attended him to the grave. The eſtate of his brother, the occaſion of all his domeſtic domination, and the object of every hour's concern, he ſaw thrown into Chancery by another claimant, and the grey hairs which reminded him of mortality, informed him alſo, that in that Court he ſhould never ſee the iſſue. He

ſeemed to ſtand blaſted among mankind, and found the want of that ſon to ſmooth his declining days, whom he had doomed to ſuffer the moſt excruciating diſtreſſes the feelings of man can endure. The high reward he now held out, was not ſo much to avenge his brother's death, as to prevent the odium of public juſtice. And his deſign was, if he could not prevail on Theodore, to bow to his will, under a ſtatute of madneſs to ſhut him up for life.

His conſtitution was fretted at his continual diſappointments, and three of the moſt active thief-takers, like well trained blood hounds, ranged through the nation in his pay. The barefoot cottager in ſcant attire was ſeldom ſeen on his eſtate, the whole train of poverty being baniſhed, and monopolizers placed in their room. Farmers more like independent gentlemen, than the ſimple inhabitants of the field, vied in luxury with the landholder over them. Such is too frequently the barbarous

policy

policy of landowners, who forget that tacit convention alone keeps them in poſſeſſion, and that the earth was created for man.

One day when Hanſon was converſing with Eve, and painting to her imagination the pleaſures of connubial felicity, a man of ſhabby appearance rapped at the door, and deſired to ſpeak to Shechem Benſadi. "Who dō you come from?" demanded Rebekah. "My buſineſs," replied the man, "is with Mr. Benſadi, or his daughter." Eve, who heard, and ſuppoſed it related to ſome petition, deſcended, and deſired he would walk into the audience chamber, where he might deliver his meſſage.

"And you, Ma'am," ſaid he, "are poſitively the daughter of Benſadi, the Jew?"—"I am, I may venture to ſay. But why ſo particular?" "Becauſe Ma'am, the gentleman bade me be ſpecial careful to ſpeak to none but you or your father, as it is a buſineſs of importance."

"From whom then do you come?"—"That paper," replied he, "will inform you." The gentleman has alſo ſent a note, he deſired ſhould be given me as a reward, in caſe I delivered my meſſage faithfully.

The note was for five pounds, drawn by Theodore Cyphon. "Theodore!" exclaimed Eve, "where is he, is he well?"—"He is not very well, indeed Miſs," ſaid the man, "and you look ſo very ill, I am afraid to ſay where he is.

"Alas!" cried Eve, "is he apprehended? tell me, tell me, is he in priſon?" "He is," replied the ſtranger, heſitating, "he is in—jail; but no doubt if he knew how much he was pitied by ſo fine a lady, he would not take on as he does."

Eve, too much diſtreſſed to attend to the compliment, deſired the ſtranger to walk down ſtairs, till her father came home; mean while, with

with the packet of papers he had brought, ſhe aſcended to Hanſon. He was alarmed at the ſudden alteration in her countenance, and having procured ſome hartſhorn drops, he endeavoured to prepare her for the contents of a paper, he doubted not, would unfold many ſufferings; anticipating with grief the fate of his friend, and inwardly vowing revenge on the author of ſo many calamities.

By the time her father returned, the attentive kindneſs of Hanſon, and her own active reaſon, in a degree quieted her apprehenſions, and hope, the ſeducing friend of man, again ſmiled upon her. The eyes of Shechem were too weak to ſuſpend the ready tear, at the account of Theodore's impriſonment. He propoſed on his part to exert all the force of law, bribery, and intereſt, againſt parental proſecution, and having *duly honoured* the note, he ſat down with a ſigh, to attend the continuation of a narrative, which it was the taſk of Hanſon to read.

THE SEQUEL OF THE CONFESSIONS OF THEODORE CYPHON.

IGNORANCE to man is oftentimes more beneficial than knowledge, and the mind, unconſcious of diſtant evil, reſts ſecure till it is brought home; but having unboſomed to you the troubles that deſtroyed me, the malignancy which purſued me, and the crimes which were ſuſpended in fearful array over me, I again bring before you the unhappy being you called your friend; and find, amidſt the darkneſs of the gulf down which I am precipitated, ſome gleams of ſatisfaction, in reflecting that you will commiſerate, and your daughter ſhed a tear of pity at my fate.

Wretchedneſs hath ſelected me as her darling, nurtured me in affliction, and provided for me in the dungeons of infamy; but I will collect

collect my ſcattered intellect, to arrange what perhaps will not reach you till I no longer mourn on the bounds of exiſtence. This confeſſion will give amuſement to hours otherwiſe a prey to the madneſs of retroſpection, or the inanity of a common cell, from whence I write.

Having determined to abandon the hoſpitable aſylum of your houſe, and the faſcinating company of your daughter, it was immaterial into what part of ſociety I plunged, ſince to me all were equally dangerous. I reflected, however, that the ardour of purſuit muſt have evaporated in diſappointment, and that a common degree of caution might ſuffice. Mere ſecluſion would have been eaſy, your bounty taking from me the neceſſity of expoſure in obtaining ſubſiſtance; but I had long weighed the worth of life in a balance, and found it wanting. My ſoul, which had ſo combined with its very exiſtence the poſſeſſion of Eliza, found without her, exiſtence a burden. If I

turned my eyes round over the whole face of creation, I ſaw not one object of enticement; for in the whole circumvolution of the earth, oppreſſion and evil ſat enthroned. I therefore propoſed, as the ſole end of my exiſtence, to traverſe the iſland in ſearch of Eliza, and if unſucceſsful, to end the purſuit only with my life.

The common buſineſs of men was to me inſignificant; their toils and labours appeared the extremes of folly. I paſſed by the wharfs and warehouſes, I ſmiled to ſee them ſweating under burdens, rolling large caſks before them, and marching about with importance. I proceeded to the Tower, where I ſaw ſome dreſſed in ſcarlet and white, turning to the right and the left, like a machine, and theſe alſo had an air of importance. I proceeded through the ſtreets of ſhops, ſome were meaſuring, ſome weighing tobacco, and ſome ſitting behind their counters with an air of importance; ſome were ſweeping the ſtreets,

and

and others whirling over them in carriages, but I saw nothing in this bustle that could fix my attention, or elevate my ideas of humanity.

I purchased a sailor's dress at a clothes' shop, under that character venturing to pass the day in the streets, not having sufficiently considered from what point to commence my search. Night came on whilst I was yet irresolute. I had insensibly walked on to London bridge, where I sat down to reflect. The solemn motion of the water-works lulled me into a reverie, from whence I was roused by a smart stroke on the shoulder, and a voice bawling out—"What cheer, my hearty?"—I started up at seeing myself surrounded by several ill-looking seamen, with bludgeons, and demanded their business. "That's soon settled, my lad," cried one, "come, hoist your main-sheet, and let us bear down on the enemies of King George. "Not so fast, my good friend," said I, "I am not willing to fight, therefore quit your hold and let me go.'

"D—n

"D—n your goſſip," ſaid a grim looking fellow, throwing a quid of tobacco in my face. "You'r a lubber, are ye; daſh my dead lights but you ſhall have a ſalt eel to ſupper —tow him along, Jack."

It was in vain I told them I did not chuſe to fight, that I was a Briton, and protected by laws, that did not allow my being dragged away like a ſlave from the coaſts of Africa. They laughed at my jabber, as they called it, and hurried me on board a tender. I was there chained in a hold, amongſt men whoſe minds were as low as their ſituation, and whoſe round of converſation conſiſted in epithets and ribaldry. And theſe, ſaid I, mentally, as I looked over the motly group, are the brave Britiſh tars who echo thunder on the boſom of the deep. I was at a loſs to diſcover what ſtimulus could impel to actions ſo great, ſince every ſenſe of honour, and the dignity of man, ſeemed totally eradicated; but whilſt I turned thoſe thoughts in my mind, I heard a ſhouting

on

on different parts of the deck, and a cry of "*grog*—here, you Tom, fill my can. D—n it, this is ſtiff."

No longer at a loſs to find out the real *ſpirit* of bravery, my thoughts adverted to extricating myſelf from amongſt them. I had concealed with particular care the ſums I had about me, next my perſon, not knowing how ſoon I might be obliged to part from my outward apparel. I had witneſſed ſo much of man, inveſted with petty authority, that I knew nothing was to be expected from the inferior officers but inſolence. Prudence taught me to conform to their humour, until chance might bring me before thoſe who had real authority, or furniſh an opportunity of flight.

As I was ſilent to the execrations of the ſeamen, and behaved with calmneſs, I was liberated from the irons, and ſent down to a frigate laying off Chatham. I here entered

on

on an employment I loathed, not so much from its labour, as the vile company with which I was associated. I had read in poems of Arcadian pleasures and rural delights, but I had ever found in the country excessive labour and meanness of sentiment. So I had also read of the noble soul of a sailor, his generosity, and benevolence; but I found a ship an epitome of the world, where oppression descended in regular gradation, and boys in blue and white domineered over men who had circumnavigated the globe. There was, it is true, a spirit of carelessness, but it was only from example, and that loss of reflection which had sunk the mind from every pursuit, save the one before it.

Having completed our compliment of men, we dropped down to the Nore, there laying by for the Captain. The vessel being close up to Sheerness, it did not appear impossible to make the shore in the night, especially for me,

me, who had been inured to encounter danger in ſhades.

It was my turn to watch, and the night being favourable, I ſlipped ſilently to the ſtern, the tide flowing; I diſencumbered myſelf from my jacket, and without noiſe, let myſelf down by a rope which was attached to one of the hanging ladders. The boat laying alongſide, obliged me to uſe precaution in ſtriking, as the ſmalleſt alarm would have brought them upon me. It was almoſt a dead calm; I glided ſmoothly along the ſurface of the tide, ſtriking deep and ſlow, creating ſcarcely a ripple in the water. Borne as it were on the boſom of the waves, I made land beneath ſome chalk cliffs, where I ſat down to recover from the fatigue of exertion. I had more than once ſuffered for diſguiſe, my invention was almoſt exhauſted, and this laſt adventure ſickened me with falſe appearances. I mourned to myſelf the prejudices of man, in condemning me, for executing what the law what was defective

defective in; and yet it was better that I ſhould ſuffer, than that every man ſhould hold the dagger of revenge.

The reward of two thouſand pounds rendered diſguiſe indiſpenſible, however it might expoſe me to ſuſpicion or miſtake; and I ſpent ſome time in adopting one of ſecurity. Sometimes I thought of aſſuming the dreſs and character of a gentleman, the better to awe the vulgar into reſpect; but then by expoſing my perſon, I became more liable to detection.

I knew that I ſhould be miſſed at the changing of the watch, and that unleſs I could gain the oppoſite ſhore before morning, I ſhould be almoſt to a certainty diſcovered. I roſe up, and ſhaking myſelf to recover the ſtiffneſs which rendered moving ſcarcely poſſible, I advanced ſlowly along the beech. The waves gently beat at my feet, amuſing me with their irregular daſhing. At length I came

I came to a kind of pier, that ran out for the convenience of landing, to which I perceived a boat faſtened. I ran to it with exultation, intending to ferry myſelf acroſs, without reflecting that by ſo doing I ran the hazard of hanging in chains, as a freſh water pirate.

To this neceſſity I was not driven, a man and boy being aboard; I propoſed them to take me over, which they refuſed, as I muſt be running from ſome of the ſhips. I had before this had recourſe to invention, and now, to clear myſelf with probability, my habit declaring I belonged to the ſea, I confeſſed that it was indeed true I had eſcaped from a ſhip, but that I was the ſon of a gentleman, and had been trepanned, as a proof of which I would give them a ſum beyond their expectation, when on the oppoſite ſhore.

To

To this they readily agreed, firſt deſiring to ſecure a few runlets of brandy in a receſs amongſt the chalk cliffs; after which we launched out, and were not long in landing on the ſhore of Eſſex. Having ſatisfied them for their trouble, and being ſecure of their ſilence, I haſtened up the country, to leave the water as far behind me as poſſible by morning.

As I could not adopt in this place any habit of permanency, I barely changed my dreſs for that of a peaſant, with a truſty ſtick in my hand ſetting forward on the common road. I had proceeded nearly nine miles, when I was overtaken by four ſturdy men, whoſe countenances wore every lineament of hard inhumanity. As I always expected that ſome day I ſhould inevitably be diſcovered, I had no doubt for a moment as I ſaw them advance, but I was the object of their purſuit. For though this claſs of people may

may be neceſſary in a ſtate, their dealings with human miſery has deprived them of every tender feeling, and ſtamped their features with a mark not to be miſtaken. They run down a criminal for the reward, with all the ſagacity of hounds, and traffic in the vices of the abandoned.

Indifference, in thoſe ſudden encounters, had always proved my beſt protection, and habit had given me a facility of arranging my ideas inſtantly to the occaſion. I neither ſlackened my pace, nor encreaſed it, but continued on in the louting country gait, which I could imitate with exactneſs. "Halloo! you toney," cried one, "the top of the morning to you. Have you ſeen paſs a tall chap, in a light blue coat, with ſtriped trowſers.

"Nea," ſaid I, "I hana ſeen um, what ſort a man was en?" "Why a ruſh made fellow, with a brimſtone face. He's run away from

from the bilboes, and ſo d'ye ſee, we want to hang him up to dry." "What, he a been in the river, has em?" ſaid I.

"Where the devil were you born," cried they, with a loud laugh, at my affected ignorance. "I tell ye, Cymon, he's a lad that's run away from tranſportation, and so if we catch him, we ſnack the bit, and give him a look above the country."

"Come, Ben," ſaid the others, "leave the fool alone, don't let's dally here, when we ſhould be putting on." To this the others aſſenting, I attempted not to detain them, enjoying to myſelf their ſagacity in leaving the meat for the ſhadow. One of them, by accident, let fall a newſpaper from his pocket, which when they were out of ſight, I took up, and had more occaſion to rejoice at the narrow eſcape I had had, than at firſt aware of, the firſt paragraph which ſtruck me running thus:

"It

"It is ſuppoſed the notorious Theodore Cyphon, who murdered his Uncle Lord D—, in ſo inhuman a manner, has quitted this country, the moſt minute reſearches having been made to bring ſo abandoned an offender to juſtice in vain. His perſon is not unlike the famous Ned Harpoon, the highwayman, and he is equal in dexterous diſguiſe, having lived for many weeks undiſcovered, within twenty miles of the ſcene of his atrocious offence."

Men have invented modes of torture to excruciate the ſoul in the agonies of diſſolution, but ſurely in the brand of univerſal infamy, though maiming is not endured, an equal ſuffering takes place. The mind is held in perpetual ſuſpenſion, no ſituation can give to it that conſciouſneſs of ſecurity, which alone can render life of value; every ſhade furniſhes out a betrayer, every face is an executioner, and man no longer is the friend of man.

man. Thus I conſidered death as much to be preferred to that decree of anathematization, which interdicted an offender in former times from the uſe of fire and water, and prevented the hand of charity being extended with relief.

Bitter and grievous were my reflections as I paſſed along, and my hopes, hopes that but faintly glimmered, alone ſuſtained my courage, in the deſire of knowing if Eliza, the darling of my contemplations, was yet in exiſtence. Once arrived at a certainty in this caſe, I had but a choice of action—if ſhe lived, I determined to live only with and for her—were ſhe no more, juſtice ſhould receive ſatisfaction, and ſend from the world a man long made miſerable.

CHAP.

CHAP. II.

Let mercy teach the breaſt of man to glow,
With ſoft compaſſion for a fellow's woe.

THIS advertiſement had renewed my fears, though the ſecurity of my diſguiſe might have pointed out my ſafety; yet I was unwilling to throw myſelf in the way of obſervation, leaſt a fugitive ſuggeſtion ſhould lead ſome one to certainty. Towards night-fall I turned aſide (as I uſed formerly to do) from the common road; a field of hay laying a little to the right, afforded me at once ſhelter and warmth. I had a few biſkets and ſome fruit I had purchaſed at the laſt village, on theſe I ſat down to ſupper. Whilſt thus employed, I perceived through the dullneſs of twilight, the heap oppoſite begin to move, and for the firſt time of my life was tempted to credit ſupernatural appearances; but at the

ſame time I was very little alarmed, waiting with curioſity the event.

After a ſecond heaving of the little mountain, not a mouſe, but a tall man, in a light blue coat made his *entrē*. I inſtantly recognized him by the deſcription, to be the man the terriers of juſtice were in purſuit of. He ſtarted at the ſound of my voice, when I called him, and was going to run, but ſeeing only one perſon, he turned and demanded what I wanted.

"Why, friend," ſaid I, "do you know you are valued at a hundred pounds; then why do you tarry in this part of the country, or wear a dreſs ſo remarkable?

"Truly," he replied, "becauſe I am ſhort of caſh; but how do you know me ſo well?" "Sit down," ſaid I, then relating my rencounter in the morning, I aſked him candidly to confeſs the crime for which he had been tranſported,

tranſported, profering if he owned the truth, to give him ſufficient to change his dreſs.

"Well, then," returned he, with an air of candour, "I confeſs I was tranſported for drunkenneſs." "For drunkenneſs," repeated I, in ſurprize, "I always thought the law conſidered that as a vice, which was certain to puniſh itſelf, and all in connection with it; but this is the firſt time I ever heard of its tranſporting a man."

"That may be," returned he laughing, "but my caſe is ſomething like that of the man who ſtole the halter, without intending to take the horſe at the end of it. You muſt know then, that being born with a temper a little too eaſy, I ſeldom refuſed to drink, or ſhare the contents of my pocket with any man who called himſelf a *friend*, by which means I acquired the title of a very *honeſt hearted fellow*, and was at the head of a ſet of

cronies, who only worked when it could not be avoided. One evening having taken our doſe at a neighbouring fair, we reeled home together, and chancing to paſs the plantation of a perſon, who had at different times ſent ſome of us to the ſtocks for ſwearing, whilſt he would utter oaths by the buſhel, and others to Bridewell for wiring a hare; in miſchievious revenge, we propoſed to root up a number of young trees he had planted.

"We were, however, obſerved in the midſt of our ſport, and whilſt we thought no harm in the world, were ſeized and laid faſt by the heels. I and two others were tranſported to Virginia, which I thought a little hard for pulling up a tree, though, to be ſure, I have ſince conſidered it as a great crime, and dear enough have repented. My voyage cured my habit of drinking, and had I been allowed to return, ſhould have ſettled to work, and made a ſober induſtrious fellow.

"You

" You muſt ſuppoſe a chap of my caſt had not been without ſweethearts, and between us I had engaged my promiſe to little Nancy, and ſhe in turn told me, ſhe would make a nice, working, clean, ſober wife. I was born an Engliſhman, and my ſpirit was proud. I could not therefore think of loſing ſo many years from Nancy, and being a ſlave with the black negroes, becauſe I had pulled up a tree, and ſo I took it into my head to return if I could. I ran away to a French ſhip, though from my heart I hated them, as a ſet of mean ſpirited ſlaves, and was by them landed in France; but I longed to ſee Old England and Nancy again. I found, however, that Nancy was become the ſpouſe of another, and my character being blaſted, I was forced to fly. The Squire, perhaps, apprehending my revenge, laid an information againſt me. I have ſince, from finding employment impoſſible, ſubſiſted on little depredations I contrive in the night, and thus you ſee, from an honeſt man, ſeverity has made me a thief, and

for pulling up one tree I muſt hang upon another.

"'Tis too true," replied I, "that the laws, in ſome caſes, exceed the juſt bounds of ſeverity; but in contemplating one incident which comes to us under favourable circumſtances, we ſhould conſider the univerſal tendency of the practice. This crime of yours, taken as it ſtands, is a trifle, but extended, goes to deſtroy all the trees in the iſland; every man might then take for fire-wood, plants which were deſigned to erect our buildings, and launch our commerce on the ocean; thus you ſee, in the ultimate, our very being as a nation would be annihilated. It is alſo to be conſidered, that laws in their principle and eſſence, are more intended to reſtrain, than to puniſh actual tranſgreſſion; for which reaſon, thoſe crimes eaſy to be committed, require a ſeverer puniſhment in order to deter, than what the intrinſic value of the damage demands. For the ſame reaſon ſtealing cattle

is

is made capital, becauſe it is almoſt impoſſible otherwiſe to prevent it; and thus when we balance the ſcale of juſtice, we ought to admit the facility of the action as a counterpoiſe to its ſeeming rigour. Beſides, the laws, to embrace every ſpecies of crime, extend to the utmoſt verge of puniſhment, leaving the Magiſtrate to extenuate as circumſtances appear favourable, whilſt his power of extending the puniſhment is bounded."

"I own," ſaid he, "I never conſidered it this way before, but ought not Magiſtrates to be choſen, who might act without prejudice, and who would impartially limit the puniſhment to the crime; beſides, why ſhould I be hanged for breaking from what might be called my priſon? Why not ſent back again, when thoſe who break priſon in England, ſuffer no greater puniſhment than what was naturally attached to the crime for which they were committed."

"I own," ſaid I, here the law is ſevere. Tranſportation is only an impriſonment at large. A priſoner, condemned to perpetual durance in England, would not be hanged for breaking from his confinement, then why ſhould the other? Why not retranſport the offender; and by way of prevention, add ſo much to his term as was employed in his voyages? It is a pity ſociety ſhould thus laviſh away her members; and I agree with you, that men truſted with the adminiſtration of law, ſhould be learned, and not illiterate country Squires, who mind only women and and game." "But," continued I, as the law ſtill remains in force againſt you, it is your wiſeſt way to return to America, and as Nancy has jilted you, you have leſs enticement to ſtay."

"I wiſh," ſaid he, "for nothing more, but how can I, who have not a ſixpence, and who am forced to pilfer for a meal, take a voyage of ſo great a length"

This

This difficulty I removed by furniſhing him with a trifle, and that my labour might not be fruſtrated, I retained him in company till the next day. I then provided him with a diſguiſe, and had the ſatisfaction to think, I had contributed to lengthen an exiſtence, too much good nature had forfeited.

On my part, I had ſome little trouble to parry his curioſity, at a perſon of my mean figure poſſeſſing ſo large a fund of wealth, and the capability of diſtribution; and, perhaps, I ſuffered in his opinion, under the imputation of diſhoneſty.

Having taken leave of him, I ſtruck away from the high roads, to avoid falling in again with the thief-takers, who, I doubted not, would hover round the ſpot where their ſcent was at fault, and might chance to diſcover in me a reſemblance to the notorious Cyphon. Diſguiſe is a perpetual torment, as at every

little incident, a new change of form becomes neceſſary. I had no reaſon to ſuſpect the honour of the youth I had juſt relieved from diſtreſs, but I knew too much of man to truſt to temptation. I therefore caſt off my peaſant's dreſs, once more taking the habit of a beggar, with the addition of a wounded arm, and the loſs of an eye, concealed by a large patch of black plaiſter. A grizzle wig and hump back compleated my appearance, and no man could have recognized beneath it the perſon of Cyphon.

I was ſo pleaſed with my compleat transformation, that I ventured to creep along the high road, and to ſtop in villages as I paſſed; indeed, this was neceſſary, if I hoped to diſcover Eliza, as I might wander in fields and bye lanes to eternity. The progreſs I made was ſlow, my enquiries being conducted with caution, and conſtantly ending in diſappointment; for ſurely it was impoſſible to find a perſon

perſon leſs calculated than myſelf for ſuch an expedition, labouring as I was under the neceſſity of perpetual concealment.

One evening when I had ſeated myſelf on a bench before an ale-houſe door, (for the impenetrability of my diſguiſe, and the change in the colour of my ſkin, having dyed it a brown yellow) rendered me bold in ſecurity, a dark complexioned man, with large buſhy eyebrows, and malignant aſpect, ſat down aſide me, calling for a mug of ale.

"Pray my old dad," ſaid he, to me, "how goes trade. I dare ſay you pick up an eaſy loaf now, with this here game arm and eye." "No," ſaid I, "ſhrugging up my ſhoulders, bread and cheeſe, and at night a mug like this of ſtout, is my only comfort. But if I had my precious limbs ſound as yours, I would make ſhift to procure a little better."

"Pray, how many miles may you go in a day? I ſuppoſe you've travelled all over England, by your weather beat look."

"Nearly," I replied, "and were you to walk as much as I do, you would not think it a pleaſant employ."

"As to matter of that," ſaid he, "here's t'ye, my old boy; but if I had as many guineas as I walk miles, I ſhould be a rich dog."

"I ſuppoſe then," returned I, "you travel the country with goods?"

"No, not I, but I'll tell you what, I'm after a d—d cunning fellow, who, I believe, is not always above ground, or I ſhould have found him before this. Did you ever in your walks meet a fellow, rather taller than you, but not much, light hair, fair complexion, and ſomething grand in his gait."

"Why,"

"Why," replied I, gazing at him with ſurprize, "why do you aſk me a queſtion like that; I dare ſay I meet ſuch every day of my life."

"O, but this is a remarkable man, is always varying his diſguiſe, yet I believe I ſhould know him among a thouſand. I have his picture in my pocket, drawn purpoſely, from one in his father's poſſeſſion, and ſo I ſhall be cock ſure of my bird, if I once get a ſquint at him."

I trembled at the danger that I ran, and was more than ever ſhocked at this new mark of my father's unremitted purſuit. For having deſired to ſee the picture, I found it the copy of one taken when I was ſeventeen. I returned it to him, ſaying, "I believed I had once ſeen the man on the great weſtern road; demanding who he was that ſo much trouble was taken to find him."

"You

"You muſt know," ſaid he, "he murdered his uncle, and if I can find him, I ſhall have two thouſand pounds. I have a ſuſpicion he has been ſeen lately in this country, for ſome of our ſquad met a country looking fellow, who in part anſwered the deſcription, and the ninnies were taken in with his cant, for he's a rum chap, as you would own, if you knew all his pranks; what makes the ſuſpicion ſtronger is, I was at Juſtice F—'s when a tall man was brought before him, on charge of ſuſpicion of having ſtole a twenty pound note, which he declared he had given him by this very country booby, whom he deſcribed to be the moſt ſenſible man he had ever met; but as his ſtory did not gain credit, and I was not going to *baulk game*, the juſtice pocketed the note *for the right owner*, and would have ſent the fellow to the houſe of correction, but one of the *nabbing boys* knew him to have returned acroſs the herring pond, and ſo he'll ſwing for it."

I had ſome difficulty to conceal my confuſion at this account; whilſt I admired the ſagacity of this man in combining circumſtances, I was amazed at his preſent blindneſs, which held up a true portrait of human foreſight and ſelf conſequence; for whilſt he condemned his friends for not perceiving me under the diſguiſe of a peaſant, he made me his confident under that of a beggar.

I durſt not leave him abruptly, and truſting in my diſguiſe, I ventured to enquire into his adventures. I found he had traced the circumſtance of the bank note, when I ran the danger of being committed for forgery; he had followed me to town, where he loſt me, ſpending many weeks ranging over it in every direction; at laſt he met with the thieves, and comparing my time of coming to town, the circumſtance and deſcription they gave him, he made little doubt of having again recovered his track, but as none of your neighbours were

were acquainted with my admiſſion into your houſe, he found himſelf again at bay. He had ſince travelled over Wales, and the North, and coming through Eſſex to take another turn in London, in hopes I might have thrown aſide precaution, he had met his preſent intelligence from thoſe who had formerly been his comrades.

I ſhuddered at this detail, which exhibited ſo much ſagacity, and the narrow eſcapes I had had, even at times when I thought myſelf moſt ſecure. I was ſickened at reflecting on the numerous toils I had yet to undergo, and I ſaw that if I wiſhed to remain undiſcovered, I muſt ſeclude myſelf for a time, till he ſhould have quitted this part of the country. I made little doubt of his diſcovering my change of dreſs, at leaſt from that of the peaſant, as contrary to my uſual practice, I had ſold the cloaths to an old countryman for a few ſhillings.

We

We continued in diſcourſe for ſome time, I in turn relating adventures which had never happened, and eſcapes from danger which had never exiſted; we parted at laſt, when night involved us in darkneſs, he wiſhing me good ſucceſs, and that my lame leg had permitted me keeping him company for a time; and I him, that he might ſoon receive the grand reward, with how much ſincerity you may eaſily gueſs.

Though occupied with conſiderations of perſonal ſafety, I lamented the fate of the young man, whom inadvertency had led to ruin. The extenſion of clemency, where it did not relax into licentiouſneſs, has ever proved beneficial, and man will more readily follow the voice of counſel, than the ſtern commands of authority. By the multiplication of penal laws offences are encreaſed, and to the honour of the preſent day, men begin to perceive the true modes of government, though

though its progreſs to final perfection is of neceſſity ſlow.

Yes, ſaid I, to myſelf, argument may deceive us, but facts ſpeak conviction, and ſhew that mercy is better than ſtrict juſtice. In the reign of Henry VIII. ſeventy-two thouſand ſouls ſuffered the puniſhment of death, which is at the average of nearly ſix a day, including Sundays. In our days, about a hundred are executed annually, and were the number leſs, I do not imagine our vices would be greater. It would therefore be to the credit of our feelings, if we would ſometimes overlook private injuries, rather than proſecute where lenity can be extended with ſafety.

Occupied by theſe reflections, I continued down a dark lane, ſhaded on both ſides by overſpreading trees, at length it branched off in ſeveral ramifications, but not into a common road, as the ſwarth was ſcarcely broken, being

being more like a long lawn than a road. Aſſured by this token that I was far from the haunts of men, and an univerſal ſtillneſs reigning around me, I ſat down to indulge the penſive reflections which aroſe in my mind, but the more powerful fatigues of the body overcame me with ſleep, and I awoke not till the dawn of morning.

A briſk air rendered motion neceſſary, I continued down the lane for a great length of way, it wound in romantic meanders, then ſinking into a hollow, above which on either ſide aroſe craggy ſcars, interſperſed with brambles and ſloe buſhes. A little advance brought me within ſight of the ocean, whoſe fluctuating waves glittered in the morning ſun. At a diſtance I beheld the ſpreading ſails navigating through the deep, and ſtood to enjoy the ſingularity of a ſcene to me ſo new.

Having

Having satisfied myself with gazing on uniformity, I followed the lane to the beach, where was formed a kind of harbour, so sheltered by rocks, that it brought before me views I had seen of banditti or pirates in their secret haunts, for not an eye could penetrate the seclusion from any point of observation, the little bay turning round a projection of rocks, formed an alcove perfectly secured from the sea side.

Delighted with the place, I spent some time in its examination, but the lane bending to the left, I pursued its direction, taken up with the idea of adventure the preceding singularity of prospect had contributed to raise. I had scarcely advanced two hundred paces, when I perceived through the thick enclosure of trees, the top of a house, by its size of considerable grandeur, and by its situation the abode of some one who loved the dark romanticity of nature. To me who was interdicted the

the reſidence of ſociety, this diſcovery was by no means pleaſing, and I ſtopped to weigh the hazard of advancing.

It was poſſible I might meet another Shechem Benſadi, but it was not probable, and the riſk was unwarranted by prudence; yet, that I might not truſt to chance, I examined every leading avenue. The unfrequented aſpect of the place excited ſuſpicion, that it was either not inhabited, ſeldom viſited, or that the occupier was a recluſe from the world, either of which concluſions were conducive to ſafety, and incitements to advance. I ſauntered at a diſtance till I could have a view of the front. The windows were all cloſe, and no ſmoke aroſe from the chimnies. I ventured to advance, graſs grew in the gateway, and even on the ſteps of the door, but yet it was poſſible ſome one at leaſt might reſide in it, though I began now to entertain hopes of its total deſertion.

A large

A large orchard was planted round, and though it appeared much neglected, I yet fancied I could trace the hand of cultivation. The branches were bowed down with variety of fruits, the wild poppy intermingled with the garden flower, and the lowneſs of the wall held out temptation to the paſſenger.

CHAP.

CAAP. III.

CONFIRMED by the univerſal ſtillneſs which reigned, that no human being reſided in the manſion, I was at a loſs to diſcover why ſo charming a place ſhould be deſerted. The doors of ſome outhouſes were unhinged, no poultry or domeſtic animal was viſible; comparing the ſolitary ſituation to Cowper's deſcription of Selkirk, in Juan Fernandes, I repeated,

I am monarch of all I ſurvey,
My right there is none to diſpute,
From the center around to the ſea,
I am lord of the fowl and the brute.
O ſolitude! where are the charms
Which ſages have ſeen in thy face?
Better dwell in the midſt of alarms,
Than reign in this deſolate place.

There

There is a melancholy reflection arising in the mind on the view of deserted habitations, we are insensibly bewildered in pursuing the fancied causes of migration; we attach to ourselves the fallen fortunes of grandeur, or partake the hard fate of the wandering cottager. No doubt, thought I, this house has the reputation of spiritual visitants, and probably, under their protection, is safe from the plunder of the vulgar, who would, perhaps, think it a sacrilege to pluck those fruits which ripen unregarded.

As I was not troubled with any qualms of this nature, I made a circuit round the wall, as well to bar against surprize, as to insure a retreat in case of unexpected interruption. A little back gate opened into the orchard, it was without fastening, so that according to the statute, I was not guilty of breaking, it not being so much as closed with a latch.

I made

I made free with the fruit, ſitting down to my repaſt, not a little pleaſed with the fairy adventure. I looked in vain for the draw-bridge, and brazen trumpet, to diſſolve the enchantment. Indeed, had I been a hardy ſteel-clad knight, I ſhould have pitied ſpoiling ſo delightful a ſcene, or ſcattering in the air the fragments of ſo noble a houſe. However, no fair lady appeared on the battlements, nor muſlin ſcarf ſtreamed from the loop holes. Whilſt theſe fancies gave ſome relief to my reflections, I conſidered that no place could be better adapted to my preſent neceſſity of concealment, the out-houſes furniſhing every ſecurity.

I aroſe to conſider this plan, and opening a wicket, entered a flower garden, where many curious plants met the eye, equally in perfection, as though under the immediate hand of cultivation. It was impoſſible to account for ſo ſingular a circumſtance, and as I advanced towards the houſe, I began to ſuſpect it con-

tained ſome eccentric inhabitant. Having knocked for ſome time loudly at the door, without any one appearing, I walked over the garden, orchard, and out-houſes, weighing the behaviour I ſhould adopt. Behind the houſe was a terrace, level with the firſt floor, ſupported by pillars, forming beneath a piazza. A door here preſented itſelf, opening, as I judged from the plan of the windows, into a ſaloon. The door I diſcovered to be only on the latch, and after ſome little heſitation, I ventured to enter this palace of enchantment.

I found myſelf in a kind of common room, the walls of which were plaſter, without any embelliſhment; about it lay ſeveral ſtaves of caſks, and the remains of ſome heavy package. I ventured to call, but received no anſwer, and taking my ſtick in my hand, I aſcended the ſtairs. The ſame appearance of confuſion was here viſible, and on opening ſeveral doors I found the rooms ſcattered with lumber. There was ſome old furniture remaining,

ing, and my aſtoniſhment increaſed at obſerving on a large oak table in the dining room, empty bottles with glaſſes, and the dregs of wine, yet ſtanding.

As I gave no credit to enchantment, or ſupernatural agency, the idea forcibly occured, that I had by accident ſtumbled on a rendezvous of robbers, which the peculiar ſeclusion of this place gave credit to. The more I examined the object around me, the more I became confirmed in this ſuggeſtion, though I was unable to account for this negligence in ſuffering the outer doors to remain unfaſtened. Under this ſuſpicion precaution became neceſſary, and I looked round for means of defence in caſe of attack. The room I was then in furniſhed no weapon, but on entering another, I diſcovered ſeveral blunderbuſſes, piſtols, and cutlaſſes. Confirmed now beyond doubting, of the quality of the tenants, and not being very deſirous of a viſit, I ventured to take a glaſs of their

wine, from ſeveral hampers that lay in one corner, and not knowing how ſoon they might return, haſtened from the houſe.

I reflected in paſſing the wood, that they could expect nothing from one of my miſerable figure, that probably they might be on a diſtant expedition, and that in the mean time I might ſecurely paſs the days in the wood, and the nights in the out-houſes, until I could with ſafety continue my progreſs, and penetrate to the ſeat of deſpotiſm, from whence I expected at leaſt to collect the vague ſuſpicions of the vulgar, which might eventually conduct me to the object of all my purſuits.

For two days I adopted this plan, without the leaſt ſigns of man appearing, and becoming bolder, as danger ſeemed more diſtant, I even ventured to range over the houſe, in every chamber open to entrance. The third night was cloudy and rainy, and finding myſelf more at eaſe in the large houſe, I concluded

cluded on paſſing the night within it; for this reaſon I ſelected a ſmall room on the ſecond floor, as well for its diſtant ſituation, as that it contained a quantity of hay, and old hampers ſerving as ſubſtitutes for a bed.

At midnight I was awakened from a diſturbed ſleep by the burſts of hilarity, and the ſhouts of mirth. I trembled at the ſituation to which I had inadvertantly expoſed myſelf, making no doubt that the robbers were returned, and enjoying themſelves over their booty. I figured to myſelf the large dining-room, ſcattered in confuſion with the offal of intemperance, a large table loaded with liquor, and round it a ſet of miſcreants, ſuch as I had ſeen before at the mad houſe.

The horrid parallel ſtruck me forcibly, as it brought to my mind a train of ideas, obſcured by the ſubſequent ſuffering I had endured; I ſhuddered again at the confinement

I had undergone, and at the narrow escape I had made from one of their class.

I summoned to my aid the resolution and calmness which ever befriended me, and rising with caution from my bed of straw, I advanced with care to the top of the stairs; I listened to catch their discourse, but could only distinguish songs, laughter, and noisy jests. I considered that half intoxicated with repeated libations, they might not attend so as to hear me in passing down the stairs, a hazard I was bent on encountering, rather than fall into the hands of a savage banditti, whom I pictured merciless as the roving Scythian. I descended with caution, step by step, but when nearly at the landing, had the disappointment of finding the door open, and the light shining into the passage, left me little room to expect escaping without detection.

I ventured

I ventured to lean over the baniſter, to diſcover if poſſible the numbers of this noiſy crew, or if I might venture (from their ſituation) to attempt eſcape. I was confounded at the unexpected quality of the carouſers, as, in place of a ſet of the vileſt miſcreants, my imagination had figured, I ſaw only a number of men, like country farmers, ſome even poſſeſſing the air of gentility.

On nearer examination, I perceived that they were armed, but I found it impoſſible to conjecture the intention of this nocturnal revel. I turned round, after a few moments reflection, to regain if poſſible the chamber where I had ſlept, as it was not improbable this might be ſome houſe dedicated to Bacchus, where thoſe ſons of the grape held a meeting, and that they might leave it before morning. By ſome accident they were diſturbed at the noiſe I made, and ſtarting up, ſeveral of them with candles and piſtols ran towards the ſtairs. Thus inevitably diſcovered, I determined at

once to declare the means of my entrance, reſting on the convictive power of truth. I was ſeized, and hurried without ſtruggle on my part into the banquet room, where ſome condemned me to immediate death, whilſt others demanded how I came there, threatening to ſend me to jail as a thief and a vagabond.

"You go," cried I, firm and undauntedly, "a little too faſt. I am not to be intimidated with fear. Your threatened murder has no power to affect me, but for your own ſakes. I would have you proceed with caution. 'Tis true my habit is againſt me, but I have ſeen better days. I was born a gentleman, though now circumſtances have reduced me to a beggar. I paſſed accidentally by the gate of this houſe, it was open, and I ventured to enter. I demanded loud and long admittance at the door, but every circumſtance declared the place without inhabitants. Your negligence left the door on the latch, I entered,

entered, and ventured this night to ſleep in a a room above ſtairs from the ſtorm; what is there in this can render me guilty, and I appeal to yourſelves if I have merited the unjuſt ſuſpicion, and threats you have caſt againſt me."

"Well ſaid, by the head of my grandmother," cried one of the beſt looking amongſt them. "Come, my friends, ſit cloſe, and let this unexpected gueſt taſte a drop of the *neat*, untainted by the ſmell of cuſtom-houſe rats."

This laſt expreſſion perfectly opened my eyes to the characters of my entertainers, and I made no doubt this houſe was retained for the purpoſe of ſtoring ſmuggled goods.

"Here," ſaid one, offering me a glaſs, "drink confuſion to all exciſe in a bumper." "Bravo," cried they, filling up their tumblers, "Here's perdition to monopoly and impoſt!"

I saw the futility of argument, and sat a spectator of their manners, which possessed a share of brutality, though refined in comparison to that of the robbers. Their declaration was uncontrouled to enjoy existence, but that enjoyment with them consisted in intoxication and excess.

In every class of society I had witnessed, reflection had disgusted me with the manners of men, nor could I refrain exclaiming to myself—Is this the immortal Being, the Lord of the earth, are these the attributes of a soul which is to exist for ever? Those men who spurned at the institutions of government as oppressive, conceived liberty to consist in licentiousness; but as I had never found the most abandoned without some argument to urge in their favour, I doubted not but those men might reason wrong from right principles, and I proposed to myself making the enquiry, when sobriety should allow the return of their reasoning faculty.

One

One after the other ſunk down on the floor, or reeled to different apartments, the chief alone retaining any ſobriety, though that was merely ſufficient to attend to the general ſafety, by extinguiſhing the lights, and bolting the doors. As I had by ſome ſingular expreſſions recommended myſelf to his notice, he offered me a ſhelter till morning, the rain ſtill continuing violent. The next day I aroſe before the fumes of wine were ſufficiently evaporated, to allow its votaries to aſſemble, and deſcending I entered the garden, where I was ſoon after joined by him I fancied the principal perſon in the community.

"I doubt not, Sir," ſaid I, that you are ſurprized at one who ſays he has been in a more exalted ſtation, appearing in the miſerable habit in which you ſee me, but give me leave to ſay, my ſurprize is greater that a man of your ſenſe ſhould aſſociate with company ſo extremely debaſed from the character of man."

"Hold, I beg, my good man," ſaid he, ſmiling, we only take a trifle from the contributions raiſed on the whole nation, for as to decreaſing the revenue, that's a mere farce, becauſe, if deficient, it is ſupplied by new loans and new taxes."

"Granted," ſaid I, taking him by the arm, "I allow, that for the ſupport of Government, ſuch a ſtated ſum is appointed, and which muſt be made up by new impoſts, if the old fail. Now, by deducing from the old, and thus cauſing a deficiency, you prevent an article of luxurious conſumption contributing in place of the more neceſſary, it being clear that the revenue muſt either be raiſed by exciſe or tax. Thus you ſtand in the odious ſituation of being a ſecondary means of oppreſſing the poor wretches, one half of whoſe ſcanty pittance is given to protect the other."

He

He was ſtarled by this mode of argument, which he had not before conſidered. He pauſed a few minutes, and then replied, "I know not how you have come by this objection, which I fear makes againſt us, for conſidering that the exciſe would not allow an honeſt man to drink as much as he pleaſed, I determined to have my ſhare under-hand; and to this I was led by the form of ſwearing in exciſe officers, and the infamous practice of appealing to heaven at every turn of action. No man can ſmoke a pipe, or ſwallow a glaſs of wine, without its undergoing ſeveral atteſtations before God; and the little pedlar, who vends ſnuff by the halfpenny worth, muſt go through the forms of a man on examination of life and death."

"I am grieved," ſaid I, "at the juſtneſs of this remark, but I have ſeen the negligence with which this article is performed, and the oath which ought in every nation to be held ſacred,

ſacred, as the moſt ſolemn appeal, where direct witneſs cannot be produced, is in the whole train of exciſe treated as the moſt inſignificant jeſt, and perjury is a matter of courſe."

"This," ſaid he, turning upon me, "is warrant ſufficient to avoid thoſe forms, and you may ſay what you will, I am now convinced in my own opinion, for" continued he, with an air of triumph, "what by our means is added to the burdens of the people, we refund back to them, by ſupplying them proportionably cheaper in the articles we *run*, and ſave at the ſame time to ourſelves a *clear conſcience*."

I perceived, indeed, that argument could not ſhake a fixed opinion, confirmed by habit, and convenient by profit, and I turned the diſcourſe to the dangers they incurred from the officers of exciſe. "Why," ſaid he, "we ſometimes

ſometimes have a bruſh with a revenue cutter, but you *underſtand trap*, we know pretty well how to keep clear."

Thus we ended the diſcourſe, returning to join in the hall the reſt of the gang, who eagerly devoured a quantity of cold meat, which they largely diluted with brandy, and ſeaſoned with *oaths*, a ſtrange example of inconſiſtency. In the midſt of our repaſt, we were alarmed by the trampling of horſes, and one of them looking from the window let us underſtand, a company of light horſe were advancing. "Well, my lads," ſaid the Captain, "we have only to be firm, till theſe locuſts have paſſed us, let every man take his poſt." Two flew inſtantly to bar the bottom doors, with heavy chains and faſtenings, the ground windows were never opened. Others ran up to the room where I had ſeen the arms, and where ſtood a few hampers of wine; theſe as well as the arms were inſtantly carried into a ſide parlour on the ground floor. The glaſſes

glaſſes were left on the table, that the hungry hounds, as they called the light-horſe men, might feed their eye-ſight with emptineſs.

The whole number being aſſembled in the parlour, the chief whiſpered to me, that being a ſtranger I muſt ſubmit to have my eyes covered for a few minutes. To this I conſented, with an air of confidence, being willing to ſee the event of this extraordinary buſineſs. In leſs than a minute they raiſed me in their arms, and taking ſome ſteps, I found we were deſcending. I was then permitted to walk by myſelf. After about a hundred paces the bandage was taken off, and I perceived we were in a room under ground, lighted only by a candle, and crouded with caſks of ſpirits and cheſts of tea.

"Here," ſaid the Captain to me, "is a glorious booty, if thoſe hounds knew how to ſcent it, but they may ferret to eternity before they

they find an ounce of coffee, tea, or tobacco, above board. We remained in this room, which was extenſive, till night, when they opened a little door into a ſubterranean paſſage, of near two hundred paces, ending in an opening through the chalk rocks into a ſequeſtered part of the wood, adjoining the coaſt. A thouſand jeſts were uttered on what they called a dead retreat, and having now to ſeparate about the country, before they ventured to return, I was conducted in the dark through numerous intricate mazes, to do away any temptation to inform.

CHAP.

CHAP. IV.

O! it is monſtrous! monſtrous!
Methought the billows ſpoke, and told me of it,
The winds did ſing it to me, and the thunder—
TEMPEST.

BEING thus again left alone, the ſingularity of the recent adventure occupied my attention, till concern for my own ſafety recalled my thoughts to the center from whence they ſeldom deviated. So many accidents perpetually retarded my reſearches, that my ſoul ſickened at its ixion proſpects, and ſighed at the unremitted chain of labour it had yet to purſue. Was it poſſible to form a diſguiſe ſo inſcrutable, that ſuſpicion ſhould examine in vain; was it poſſible to invail my perſon in miſts of impenetrability, from the keen eye of ſtimulating reward?—if theſe were not poſſible, it was impoſſible that I ſhould

ſhould diſcover my injured Eliza, or learn the ſequel of her fate.

However, cried I to myſelf, I am reſolved not to endure this dreadful ſtate of ſuſpence. I will not be hunted through the world. Then why this cowardice, this imbecility of enterprize? Am I no longer the Cyphon who defied bolts and bars, who poſſeſſed courage to deſcend the high walls of an infernal priſon, amidſt the roar of elements? Is the ſpirit of the mighty ſo fallen that I muſt hide my head in woods, and tremble at a ſound? No, I am determined to die, but it ſhall be in purſuit of Eliza; for her I will brave the power of wealth, the inveteracy of hatred, and the arm of law; yea, though Kings ſhould ariſe, I would defy them.

I made ſome trifling alterations in my figure, taking the patch from my eye, and the bandage from my arm; in their place ſubſtituting bow legs, and contriving to ſink in

in my height ſeveral inches. Thus deformed, and decrepid, I ventured again into the main road, ſtriking off towards the ſeat of my father.

As I paſſed along the roads an object of inſignificance in the eye of the travellers I met, and the villages I paſſed through, I often ſmiled to think that my perſon was valued at two thouſand pounds, a ſum ſufficient to have raiſed every village upon me. But whilſt I wandered on ſlowly and ſad, my thoughts reverted to the treatment I had received, and ſmarting as I was under the exalted hand of power, I conſidered that policy demanded ſome ſacrifice of that pride, which yet reigned within me; and I conceived the ſtrange deſign of caſting myſelf on the mercy of my father, and truſting to nature for its effects. Not but my heart rankled at the uſage I had received, and my ſoul ſhuddered at the fate of the Hanſons; but ſomehow I believed him to be privy to the ſituation of Eliza, and to wreſt

wreſt this ſecret from him no medium was degrading.

About five miles from the houſe of my father, as I paſſed along the road, agitated by tempeſtuous feelings, which toſſed me about at pleaſure, a man on horſeback rode by me in haſte, whom I inſtantly recognized to be the keeper of the private mad-houſe, where I had been ſo long confined, and where for what I knew, Eliza at this moment might be immured.

My blood boiled in my veins at ſight of this tool of deſpotiſm, and I made no doubt he was returning from the author of my being, and my woes. Alas! cried I, of what materials is compoſed the heart of man, that he can thus delight in deſtruction and perſecution. But now is the teſt, now is the time I muſt either conquer by ſubmiſſion or periſh.

The

The hopes I had entertained were considerably damped by a rencounter which had in ſpite of my uſual preſence of mind ſo much diſcompoſed me, that unable for a time to proceed, I ſat down on the ſide of the road, giving way to a torrent of tears, relieving the weight of anguiſh that oppreſſed reſpiration. The reſemblance of the unfortunate Eliza received my careſſes, and invoking heaven to commiſeration, I purſued my journey. On the preceding day I had changed my mendicant attire for the dreſs of the country, that I might paſs without creating ſuſpicion, though I ſtill retained the marks of deformity. It was the duſk of the evening before I aſſumed coolneſs and and courage ſufficient to rap at the door, and enquire if the Squire was at home.

"Yes," replied the porter, eying me with curioſity, though he could not penetrate my diſguiſe, "*My Lord* is at home, but he ſees no

no ſtrangers, and ſo, if you have any buſineſs, my good man, you may deliver it to me."

"The buſineſs," I replied, "is of great importance to your Lord, it can be communicated to no other, and therefore I muſt ſee him."

"You *muſt* ſee him," repeated he, "you *muſt* call again to-morrow."

"No," ſaid I, "my good friend, don't let us have any miſunderſtanding, if my eagerneſs is interpreted into impertinence, here is a guinea to ſoften the aſperity. But what I have to impart to Squire Cyphon is of very great importance."

"Walk into this room, if you pleaſe, Sir," ſaid he, with a ſervile ſcringe, "My Lord is not in the habit of ſeeing ſtrangers, but if you will ſend up your name, I will venture to deliver it."

"My

"My name," I replied, "ſignifies nothing. Tell him I come from his ſon, that I have power even to deliver Theodore into his hands, but that I muſt firſt ſpeak to himſelf, and without witneſs."

The porter gazed at me, he ſeemed as if he wiſhed to ſpeak, but as I deſired he would inſtantly go to his maſter, he left the room. I waited near half an hour, a ſubject of the moſt tormenting ſuſpenſe; now thinking that nature might ſoften his heart, and that yet he might relent; then, that I ſhould find his obduracy increaſe at this mark of my ſubmiſſion. At length the porter returned, "My Lord," ſaid he, "after much conſideration, has conſented to ſee you, but inſiſts it ſhall be in preſence of a third perſon; a precaution you would not condemn, if acquainted with the danger he apprehends."

"I muſt either," replied I, "ſee him alone, or not ſee him at all; were I his ſon he

he might fear my revenge, but as it is, his timidity is puerile."

"If ſo," replied he, "I am commiſſioned to offer you conditions, which are, that you allow yourſelf firſt to be ſearched, that you may not ſecret any weapon in your cloaths, without which, my Lord poſſitively declares, you are not to be admitted."

"A weakneſs ſuch as this," ſaid I, "muſt render every moment of your maſter's life a torment; but as I am not come with murderous intentions, I ſubmit." Having undergone this precaution, which exhibited the terrors and jealouſies of tyranny, I was conducted through apartments, I could have traverſed without a guide, and delivered by the porter to another perſon, whom I knew not, but who, it ſeems, had charge of every meſſage, and was a kind of centinel; he opened the door of the chambers my father wholly reſided in, and bowing down to the floor,

peated, "My Lord, the ſtranger waits to be admitted."

"Let him enter," ſaid a voice, I diſtinguiſhed as my father's, and at which every nerve trembled, and the blood flufhed to my face. I laid my hand on my beating boſom, and felt the picture of Eliza. I became at once ſufficiently maſter of myſelf to advance, and bowing as I entered, was ſhut in by the ſervant. On the table lay a brace of piſtols, with a drawn ſword, but all my attention was rivetted on the figure of my father. The plump appearance of manhood was no more, his features were diſtorted by ſuſpicion and anxiety, his eye was rambling and wild, but at the ſame time ſtern and ferocious; and whilſt I ſurveyed the ſhattered remains age and retroſpection contributed perpetually to decay, I pitied, I trembled, and was dumb.

"The man," ſaid he, "has informed me, and that there, that you know where the rebellious

bellious and abandoned man is concealed, who was once my ſon. Is it true?"

"My Lord," cried I, caſting myſelf on my knees, "it is true, but he is not the abandoned wretch you term him. I, I myſelf, am that unhappy, that miſerable ſon, the mark of your vengeance, the victim of your wrath."

"You!" cried he, ſtarting from me, whilſt a thouſand emotions ſhook his frame, "you Theodore! and are you then come to murder your father?"

"No," ſaid I, "no, may the univerſe be ſhaken to non-entity, if I ever harbour the thought. No, my father, behold and pity the object of your rage. Reflect to what the madneſs of deſpair urged me, when the elect of my ſoul was torn from me, deſtroyed, polluted, contaminated. Reflect on all I have endured, on all I have ſuffered, then aſk

yourſelf for what? When did I oppoſe your will but once? Was not not my whole life, till that moment, a tenor of obſequious obedience? Cannot the calamities of a ſon touch your heart with pity? Cannot you feel the claims of nature, and reſtore me to Eliza, and my birth right?"

"I have ſworn," cried he, glahcing a look of malice, and ſtamping with fury, "I have ſworn by the heaven of heavens, ſhe ſhall never be yours. I have glutted myſelf to fulneſs on the vile worm which aroſe to curſe me, and deſtroy all the plans I had formed and that there, for the exaltation of my family. But I have caſt you off, go, go and partake in her company all you deſerve. She is at this moment a common proſtitute, her blood is mingled with its original foulneſs, and the blow I received from you on her account, meaſured upon her and her family with thunderings."

I was

I was tranſported at this ſpeech beyond bearing. I ſtarted from the poſture of ſupplication. I gnaſhed my teeth in the wildneſs of fury. "Monſter!" cried I, "inexorable tyrant, what power did the fortuitious chance of my birth give to you? Did it beſtow on you the right of torment and deſtruction? No! there are bounds of tacit compact in every connexion. There are degrees of reciprocal duty, which when broken by the one, are no longer binding to the other. From this hour I renounce, I deteſt you. I tear from my heart every feeling of filial affection; your head crowned with grey hairs, will bend as a blaſted tree in the midſt of the foreſt, and you will deſcend to the grave without a name remaining amongſt men. I will blaze in colours of blood your infamous character to the world. I will give you up as an example to tyrants, and the ſtings of remorſe, and bitter penitence, will create to you, through the ſhort remains of your precarious exiſtence, the excruciating tortures of hell."

He was too much confounded to reply; he ſeemed to labour under want of expreſſion, and the ſuffocation of rage. He ſtood ſtill, his eyes wildly ſtaring upon me; my ſoul was pierced with miſery, and I haſtened away, refuſing to anſwer the ſervants, who crouded round me to enquire. As I entered the hall, I heard the voice of my father, commanding them to ſtop me, but vowing death to any one who attempted to do ſo, in a tone and geſture that ſhewed the danger of trifling, I opened the outer door and eſcaped.

It was a black tempeſtuous night, the wind howled in wild roarings, ſuiting the diſtraction within me. My brain ſeemed on fire, and the dreadful idea of Eliza a proſtitute—the angelic form, the divine ſoul of the virgin I had loved, polluted by the dregs of ſociety, fixed on my ſenſes—I am mad with the reflection.—Alas! I ſcarcely know what I write. The deſcending rain overwhelmed me in torrents, I opened my boſom to its

fury

fury, I ſpread forth my arms to defy the elements. I ran forward, I ſtopped, I was diſtracted. I caſt myſelf on the ground, I repeated the name of Eliza; large drops of ſweat gathered on my body, already drenched with rain. I wiſhed to ceaſe to be. The whole world ſwam before my ſight, I rejoiced in the jarring confuſion of the ſtorm, and ſhould have ſmiled to ſee convulſions warp the earth with diſtortions, and hurl the univerſe into original chaos. Every idea was dark as the ſecret chambers of the grave, and my ſoul ſeemed capable of riſing above every form of deſtruction, of riding on the wings of whirlwind and fire.

I have ſince wondered that I did not inſtantly deſtroy myſelf, but death never croſſed my reflection. I ſeemed to tower above its conſideration, every mode of danger vaniſhing into nothing. Yet, however the ſoul may be ſtimulated to madneſs by paſſion, its phyſical effects on the body quickly reduce it beneath

the common tone of energy, and almoſt deprive it of active power. Thus a prey to uncontrouled impulſion, I had rambled forward, I knew not where, nor regarded how, till all at once a ſtupor overcame me, every object at once was ſhut out from intellectual recognizance, and I ſunk down upon the road.

I know not how many hours I remained in this ſituation, expoſed to the violence of the ſtorm, and ſteeped in water. The grey of the morning was juſt viſible above the tops of the diſtant hills, when I again opened my eyes on a world I had nearly forſaken for ever. A burning heat ſuffuſed itſelf over my body, and circulated through my veins, the certain ſymptom of a fever. I felt a ſecret pleaſure in the thought, I hugged the very name of death. I found, however, my preſent ſituation extremely diſagreeable, being benumbed with cold, and damp, whilſt at the ſame time an internal fire devoured me. It was with extreme difficulty I advanced a few paces to a dry

dry bank, where I ſat down wholly exhauſted, my mind ſtill turning to the dreadful account I had heard, and which yet tingled in my ears.

In the tumult of my crouding reflections, I had omitted enquiring where Eliza might be found, a circumſtance that ſtarted upon me as a faint glimmer of hope, and I indulged a fancy that what I had heard might have been only a malicious aſperſion, an attempt to leſſen in my ſight the perfection of female excellence. Whilſt mine eye turned with indifference over the country before me, and my ſoul retired within the receſſes of deep reflection, a ſingle horſe cart with a man and his wife, who had been at a neigbouring market, came up. They ſtopped at obſerving my ſituation, enquiring with the kindneſs of charity, if I would accept a caſt, as I ſeemed fatigued.

This humanity to me was additionally welcome, having ſo ſeldom heard the voice of compaſſion, and being really unable to walk, I conſented to enter the cart. I ſat down in ſilence, being too weak to anſwer their queſtions, and my imagination too bewildered to attend. I continued in this kind of ſtupor till we arrived at the little town where they dwelt, but by that time I was become wholly light-headed, and after much difficulty was admitted to a ſhelter under the ſhed ſupported by pariſh bounty.

From the temporary derangement of my ſenſes, the ſtrength of my conſtitution ſhortly relieved me, but a violent fever flamed through my body, and inſatiate thirſt inceſſantly tormented me. The good woman who had by her interceſſion procured me this aſylum, was a farmer's wife, and now and then ſupplied me with fruit, which allayed in ſome degree the fervour of my ſufferings. She had wiſely

taken

taken care of my pocket-book, containing my fortune, well knowing that otherwiſe my whole perſonal property would be in a ſtate of ſequeſtration.

CHAP. V.

Death hath thy temple raz'd, love's empire foil'd,
The world of honour, worth, and ſweetneſs ſpoil'd.
DRUMMOND.

AFTER the furor of the malady was abated, and ſuken nature exiſted but faintly, I had leiſure to look round on my companions in miſery, and on the houſe which preſerved us from the weather. Ere this I had witneſſed the oſtentations of charity, but now in the ſecret vale, far from the glare of reflective pride, where the pittance was only collected from thoſe who had none to give, and pompous ſubſcription was unknown, I beheld, I felt the boaſted providence for miſery, want, and worn out age.

Beneath

Beneath the thatch of a tottering building, dwelt the outcaſts of poverty. Mothers who had never known the name of wife, were here deſerted and forgot. Children, the offſpring of unprotecting parents, or the remains of ſome family whom indigence had ſtarved to deſtruction, cold, naked, and hungry turned the wheel, which is the ſupport of this mighty empire.

Left on the world's bleak waſte forlorn,
In ſin conceiv'd, in ſorrow born,
No guide the devious maze to tread,
Above no friendly ſhelter ſpread:
Alone, amidſt ſurrounding ſtrife,
And naked to the ſtorms of life,
Diſpair looks round with aching eyes,
And ſinking nature groans and dies.

FOUNDLING HYMNS.

Here was the enfeebled peaſant bleached and ſtiffened by the morning dews, the winter's cold, ſtretched on the flock bed, the picture of famine, and the prey of diſeaſe, left

to

to breath out his laſt ſighs to heaven, without a comfort to ſoften his way.

Every breath of wind whiſtled through the broken caſements, being the only remedy againſt the various ill ſcents which aroſe from diſeaſe, and loathſome filthineſs. No plaſter covered the bare walls, formed of irregular ſtones, between the interſtices of which were pegs of wood, that ſuſpended pieces of apparel, rags for the dreſſing of wounds, and more diſguſting objects. Yet into this chamber of wretchedneſs the poor were often denied admittance. Miſerable ſons of the earth, better, better would it be, never to have been at all! This was the laſt ſtage of life, when ſickneſs calls for indulgence, when the parting ſoul trembles in uncertainty, and ſighs for the aids of friendſhip, when it lingers in the world, and fears to leap into the dark ſtate of exexperienced exiſtence, rendered grim by a thouſand horrors of ſuperſtition.

No

No hand of comfort was nigh, no voice of ſoothing conſolation poured balm into the ear, the ſhrill tones of the magiſterial *nurſe* carried inſtant obedience, and the tender part of her office was loſt in calloſity of feeling.

The apothecary executed his part with indifference; he was above giving to the ſick thoſe hopes which might have contributed to linger out exiſtence; and even the prieſt, whom religion ſhould have ſoftened down to humanity, entered with ſtiff conſtraint to mutter a few prayers over the dying victim; that over, he haſtened to the revels of mirth. How unlike the unfortunate Hanſon, whoſe ſoul was the emblem of chriſtian patience and goodneſs, but alas! chriſtianity is now a name, a mere paſſport to office.

"O Fortune!" cried I, "is it thus thou dealeſt with the children of men? Is it thou who giveſt beds of down, and all the various luxuries of the earth's production to a few, whilſt

whilſt thou denieſt the common enjoyments of ſavage nature to others, emerging them in wretchedneſs and woe? Yet man boaſts himſelf the lord of creation, though ſinking under labour, diſeaſe, and want."

It is true there were in this houſe, whom a love of idleneſs had brought there, but theſe ought not to have been received, or if received, employed according to their ſtrength. When the fever ceaſed to rage through my veins, I lay on my wretched pallet in a ſtate ſo exhauſted, that nature ſeemed to have made her laſt ſtruggle, and death ſilently and ſlowly to be ſtealing upon me.

I felt with ſatisfaction its approaches, I regarded the hour of diſſolution with a compoſure, alone diſturbed by the remembrance of Eliza. The tear ſtarted in my eye at the utter impoſſibility of once more calling her mine; of once more beholding that countenance which had firſt taught my heart to ſigh,

to

to beat at the impulſion of love. "Oh!" cried I, "that I could preſs thee to my boſom; Oh! that our ſouls might breathe their departure together, and at once leave behind us this ſcene of variegated unhappineſs."

One night, when all within the houſe was huſhed, ſave the ſnoring of the nurſes, and the moans of the ſick, I was diſturbed from that ſtate of inactive reflection, when the ſoul is bewildered without forming ideas of diſtinction, by deep ſighs from one who occupied the bed next to mine. I knew it to be an unhappy female, who had been overtaken by diſeaſe in the practice of vice. I had even heard that ſome circumſtances in her life were particularly pitiable, but I had not ſeen her, and now when her deep ſighs ſunk into my ſoul, I caught the ſympathy of diſtreſs, and turned round to liſten.

Unhappy being, thought I, this then is the end of a life of *pleaſure*, this the goal of a race

race in purſuit of gratification; but perhaps thou wert betrayed, perhaps ſome ſecond Lord D— planned thy deſtruction. "Oh!" cried I aloud, "Omnipotent Being, if indeed thou looked down on the actions of men, let not luſt triumph unpuniſhed; and O, protect from an end like this, the unfortunate Eliza."

"Who," ſaid ſhe faintly, "who do I hear call Eliza?"

The ſound of her voice ſtruck me with the rapidity of lightning, and deprived in that moment of ſpeech, I ſtarted up, I made an effort to throw myſelf upon her, but enfeebled beyond exertion, I ſunk again upon the bed, in a ſtate too painful and too confuſed to admit deſcription.

"O Theodore!" ſaid ſhe, ſcarcely loud enough to be heard, for ſhe now recollected me, "O Theodore! is it indeed you? Oh!

Oh! look not upon me, I am vile, I am worthleſs." A burſt of tears choaked her utterance for a time. My heart ſeemed to riſe to my throat, and every power of ſpeech was ſuſpended. "Miſerable that I am," ſaid ſhe, "I prayed to die in obſcurity, but even this is denied me. O Theodore! pity the Eliza you once loved, pity the ſufferings I have gone through, and O, pity the weakneſs of human nature, which held me to life, though debaſed beneath myſelf. But a very few hours remain to me, I ſhall then leave a world where I have had little but ſorrow, where ſhame and miſery have been my portion."

"No, no," cried I, ſtruggling for utterance, "you ſhall not, by heaven it cannot be. You ſhall live. You are dear to my ſoul, you are my wife, my Eliza, my only love."

"Wound me not ſo," ſaid ſhe, "ſpare me, I entreat you, thoſe names of endearment

ment cut me as reproaches, for long ſunk in my own eſteem, my very being is loathſome to myſelf, and cannot but be ſo to you."

"You wrong me indeed, indeed you do," ſaid I, with vehemence. "I love, I will love you for ever. Still to me you are the ſame, I am the origin of all you have ſuffered. But for me you might have lived a life of peace, the humble thatch of the cottage would have ſheltered you, but I turned you out to the ſtorms of life, I expoſed you to the blaſts of power, and if cruel fortune permits you not to live, we will die together, we will ſink at once from being, or riſe to worlds of immortal exiſtence."

"You know not, ſhe replied, "what a wretch I am. Oh! if my father, when here, had foreſeen the lot of his daughter, mercy would have taught him to end her exiſtence; but who would deſire life, were the contingencies within the power of preſcience.

Tell

Tell me, Theodore, how I find you in this loweſt of human habitations. Why did you dip your hands in the blood of a wretch, whoſe very touch was contamination?"

"Oh!" cried I, "that he had ten thouſand lives, my ſoul would have rioted in vengeance. Was it not him who deſtroyed us? Was it not him who blaſted our exiſtence? Was it not him who murdered my ſon? But I am riſing to madneſs, and I would fain be calm. I would, if poſſible, ſwallow down the long train of my injuries, that I may not loſe the indulgence of the preſent moment in allowing me to be near thee—to ſpeak to the darling of all my reflections; but I fear, my Eliza, I ſhall exhauſt your ſpirits, live for me, we will fly to ſome other kingdom, we will—"

"Ceaſe, ceaſe, deareſt Theodore," ſaid ſhe, faultering, "this is too much for my wounded

wounded ſpirit to endure. I know but too well that the dart of death even now rankles in my heart. I feel its poiſon floating chilly through my frame, and that nothing can now ſave me."

So dreadful a ſentence ſeemed too great to endure. A cold ſhudder, a convulſive tremble overcame me. I felt a pang as if every nerve had been pierced with the acuteneſs of torture, and nature fainted beneath the ſhock. It was day before I wholly recovered, the preceding ſcene returned on me like a dream, I doubted its reality, but I ventured to murmer out the dear name of Eliza, and liſtened to catch an anſwer.

The nurſe was employed at the other end of the room; I raiſed myſelf upon the ſack which ſerved as a bolſter, and liſtened to the intermitting breathings of a broken ſleep, that ſerved to dull the ſenſes without calming the ſpirits

ſpirits of the once charming daughter of Hanſon.

A part of the ſheet concealed her face, I ventured to remove it with one hand, that I might again gaze on her inimitable countenance, and enjoy the ſilent pleaſure of tracing thoſe features that had faſcinated my ſenſes; but I ſtarted back with horror at the dreadful alteration; the ſheet fell from my hand, and a curſe on the author of all this was riſing unbidden.

Her once blooming face now bloomed no longer, her features were ſwoln with hardſhip and grief, her eyes were deep ſunk in her head, the paleneſs of ſnow, tinted with a ſickly yellow, coloured her ſkin, and corroſive diſeaſe preyed upon her, like the canker which deſtroys the fruit, and ſaps the firſt principles of vitality.

A ſight

A ſight ſo ſhocking would certainly have affected me to exceſs, had I been capable of any exertion, but ſo weak was every energy, that no new calamity could reach me, or irritate feelings blunted beyond the power of ſtimulation. When the firſt ſenſations of diſguſt were ſubſided, I ventured to take another view of the ſuffering fair, who whilſt alive was ſubjected to the empire of corruption. I even traced with fondneſs the remaining lineaments of features, where once envy's ſelf would in vain have ſought a fault, and on which I had often gazed with ſecret rapture. But who can tell the tortures of my mind, if a moment admitted reflection. I durſt not glance a look at retroſpection. I would have wept for Eliza, but I found it was impoſſible, I found my grief too deep, and I wiſhed for diſſolution.

The fair ſufferer awoke with a ſtart, and convulſive kind of gaſp, ſhe raiſed her eyes feebly

feebly towards me, but alas! they conveyed only languid dejection, every higher animation being gone. No more did they beam with etherial expreſſion—no more did they ſhine with intellectual meaning. They indeed retained a power, but it was the power of exhibiting humanity ſunk by exceſs of pain, and deadened to further endurance.

I had now found the object for whom I had alone conſented to live, but to find her in this ſituation, in the loweſt ſtate of expiring life, deſtroyed the pleaſure I had expected from her ſight. I had, however, no other motive to live, than for her, and by the help of my friendly countrywoman, I exerted myſelf to procure her ſome aſſiſtance Too enfeebled myſelf, I gave the taſk wholly to her, and as money will procure civility and attention from an enemy, Eliza, was ſomething better provided for, though every hour convinced me that the malady was too deep for removal, and that a decline had long preyed upon her.

I forbore from tenderneſs to touch on her misfortunes, but from the farmer's wife I learnt ſome particulars, which, if poſſible, ſtrengthened my hatred againſt the man, who could in mere wantonneſs murder every feeling of humanity. It appeared that ſhe had been traced by ſome inſtrument of my father's, to the houſe of a cottager in a diſtant part of the country, where ſhe had found ſhelter, and earned her bread by labour. With this cottager ſhe lived in fancied ſecurity, till ſhe had recovered from the effects of the violence ſhe had ſuffered. After this ſhe was apprehended as an acceſſary to the murder of Lord D—, and confined for many months, but at the interceſſion of my father, and no perſon appearing againſt her, ſhe had been liberated.

This appearance of lenity gave colour to his actions, and brought her deeper into his power, for being now turned on the world without money or friends, her character blaſted, and laying under ſuſpicion of murder,

no

no one took compaſſion on her ſufferings, and thoſe who knew not my father, condemned her ſtory as the forgery of ingratitude. Thus driven from every reſource, and encompaſſed round by the lines of the ſpoiler, ſhe was aſſailed by temptations, fortitude could ſcarcely reſiſt, and ſhe took the reſolution of hiding herſelf in the fields, where ſhe might die unobſerved.

The villain who kept the private madhouſe, was choſen as the inſtrument of executive vengeance, a vengeance ſo brutal, that even his abandoned ſoul ſhuddered at the propoſal, being only brought to conform by threats of puniſhment for his former actions. In a ſtate of weakneſs which deprived her of the power of reſiſtance, again was the wife of my boſom violated, and contaminated with a diſeaſe that inſtantly fixed upon a conſtitution already far declining.

Humbled beneath the duſt ſhe was now left forlorn, abandoned to the mercy of the elements. She poſſeſſed not courage to put a period to her being, for broken hearted, all her firmneſs was gone; and thus a burden to herſelf, ſhe lingered for a time on the offerings of the compaſſionate, when ſinking down before the door of a gentleman, ſhe was under his direction conveyed to the place, where I once more found her.

A detail like this was ill calculated to reſtore repoſe to my boſom, or give ſtrength to my ſlowly recovering health. Indeed, I had no longer one ſingle wiſh to live, except that I might not leave behind me my injured wife, for ſuch I conſidered her in defiance of the decrees of lawyers, and the outrages of cruelty.

I watched with fearful anxiety the viſible advances of death, for hours hanging over her languid

languid form, whilſt our ſighs reſponſively expreſſed the unutterable feelings of our ſouls. Every day deduced from my hopes of her recovery, as every day produced an alteration viſibly for the worſe. Spaſms at intervals deprived her of ſelf-command, and ſhook her frame almoſt to diſſolution, her voice was ſunk into faint and languid ſentences, and ſcarcely an hour ſeemed allowed her to live.

I paid no attention to my own weakneſs, exerting every faculty to ſerve her, whilſt in turn ſhe endeavoured to ſoften the diſtreſs ſhe ſaw prey upon me, and which hurt her feelings not yet weened from that tenderneſs, whoſe exiſtence commenced the firſt hour we beheld each other, and which every ſucceeding interview increaſed and cemented.

Exhauſted with fatigue, I had ſuffered myſelf to fall in a kind of doze towards midnight, when I was awakened by a touch of her hand, already chilled, and clammy with death.

"Theodore!" ſaid ſhe, ſoftly, "My huſband, I would fain once more hear your voice. I am going."

"Stay," cried I, ſtarting up, and preſſing her hand to my lips, almoſt unconſcious of what I ſaid or did. "Stay, I conjure you, my Eliza, one day—give me only one day more, my angel, my friend."

"O Theodore," ſaid ſhe, "death had no terrors for me, till this meeting with you. I wiſhed to repoſe in the arms of my father, to lay my head on the lap of my mother; I wiſhed to embrace the etherial ſpirit of our child, but I find that my huſband ties and attaches me to life—I feel—Theodore—my—it is done."

Clouds of darkneſs ſwam before my eyes. Chaos broke in upon my ſenſes. I threw myſelf upon the bed, and embraced the inanimate remains of the injured ſaint, whoſe ſoul had

had for ever departed from its unworthy habitation. Wrung with inſufferable anguiſh, no exclamation could give expreſſion to the poignancy of my feelings. My ſpirit made an effort to eſcape, and deeply groaned at its impaſſable durance.

They endeavoured in vain for ſome time to part the corpſe from my embrace, my arms encircling it with a firm hold, as if I feared loſing ſome invaluable poſſeſſion. The whole circle of feeling ſeemed to have been exhauſted by my prior calamities, ſo true it is that by familiarity, either pleaſure or pain loſes its effects. A dreadful calm ſucceeded, I was convinced of the irreparability of my loſs, and my mind brooded in ſilence on the moſt eligible means of recovering her ſociety, for, ſaid I, ſhe ſhall never come back to me, but I may go to her.

With difficulty I prevented the overſeers putting her in one of their miſerable ſhells.

I had even the firmneſs to take a laſt kiſs of her pallid cheek—a laſt look at her emaciated form, before I allowed them to ſcrew down the coffin, which was decked with flowers. But when the melancholy proceſſion, mournful and ſlow, moved along, attended by the weeping maids and mothers, who owned her misfortunes when ſhe no more regarded the world; when the bell tolled ſolemn, every ſtroke was as the pang of death, and I found it impoſſible to attend her to the grave.

When I heard the bell announce the finiſh of the ſad ceremony, I felt a pang of madneſs ruſh through my brain, and a deſire to fly and tear her from the depths of the grave. But again I became calm, again gave way to the profoundeſt melancholy.

I had now ſeriouſly reſolved to die, but I was undetermined as to the mode I ſhould adopt; for I wiſhed at the ſame ſtroke to plant irremoveable remorſe and everlaſting ſhame

ſhame in the breaſt of the cruel monſter, who could unpitying give a looſe to the virulence of over-bearing paſſion.

After much conſideration I adopted the purpoſe of making himſelf the executioner of his own puniſhment, which I knew would brand him with univerſal infamy, and ſhatter at once the high caſtle of pride and power he had ſo delighted to erect, and whoſe foundations were laid in blood and deſtruction. In this purpoſe, as ſoon as my ſtrength permitted, I left the workhouſe, haſtening to the next Magiſtrate, to whom I deſired admittance.

"I am come," ſaid I, "to inform againſt a murderer, for whom two thouſand pounds are offered by Squire Cyphon."

"Are you certain you have the right perſon," ſaid he, "as a miſtake in a matter of this nature is particularly dangerous."

"I am ſo certain," replied I, "that I am the man, and I demand to be committed to priſon, that juſtice may be ſatisfied."

"Reflect," ſaid he, "what you are about to do, I have yet power to ſuffer your eſcape, as you are here on your own teſtimony."

"I have conſidered, Sir," ſaid I, "I am perfectly calm, and wiſh that one guilty of ſo enormous an offence, may no longer remain unpuniſhed." "My duty then," he replied, "is to commit you, though I confeſs my reluctance."

I was accordingly conducted to the county gaol, where I now continue—where I have employed my melancholy hours in writing a narration, I could not have pronounced. My intention was to leave behind me this teſtimonial, which might excite the tear of friendſhip from you and your daughter, and be the only tribute of gratitude I can give to thoſe, who

who though they knew me not, yet beſtowed on me the gifts of friendſhip and love.

But as I find I have not many days to remain in this world, and as then this paper might never reach your hands, I have contrived a mode of conveyance. Should I be no more by the time you receive it, I bequeath to you the unwelcome office of interring me beſide the remains of Eliza. To your daughter I give the portrait of that murdered angel, as the moſt valuable of all my poſſeſſions. To you both be peace.

CHAP. VI.

IT was not without frequent interruption that Hanſon had been enabled to finiſh a narrative, that filled him with indignation and grief. The fate of his ſiſter who had been his favourite, the abominable violence ſhe had ſuffered, and the perſecution of his friend, altogether raiſed within him a thirſt for revenge; and like the Arabian, who meaſures death on the murderer with his own hand, he ſolemnly vowed, that the grey hairs of Cyphon ſhould not deſcend to the grave in peace. This intention he however concealed for the preſent, as he had to exert every ability to ſooth the weeping Eve, who was nearly diſtracted at the thought of Theodore's impriſonment, and the impending darkneſs hovering over his fate.

O my

"O my father," ſaid ſhe, caſting herſelf into the arms of the trembling Shechem, from whoſe eyes dropped tears, like the oil which deſcended on the beard of Aaron, "O my father, cannot he be ſaved, cannot he be reſtored to us, cannot we carry up to the throne a petition for mercy?

"I fear not," replied the Jew, "he is guilty of murder, and this crime cannot be pardoned. But we will go, we will endeavour by our preſence to ſoften his affliction. Conſider, and be calm, my deareſt girl. Doſt thou not ſee that life is become loathſome to our friend, and that the ſuſpenſion of his fate would be only adding duration to his ſufferings. Let us then only ſeek to eaſe the irkſomeneſs of his ſtay, and by the offices of friendſhip diſſipate, in a degree, the lonelineſs of a dungeon, and reflect ſome ray of brightneſs through the inſhrouding gloom."

It was in vain Hanſon exerted all his eloquence to dry the tears of Eve, whoſe grief wounded him to the heart, and was not a little augmented by reflecting, that affections ſo fixed on another, had little chance of turning on himſelf. But theſe ſentiments he concealed with ſedulous care, as of all moments none could be more unfit than the preſent to declare himſelf, when every conſideration was abſorbed in the fate of Theodore.

He had at times flattered himſelf (for who that loves does not, however abſurd his pretenſions) that Eve beſtowed on him an eſteem ſomething ſuperior to friendſhip. 'Tis true ſhe liſtened with delight to his diſcourſes, ſhe even courted his company, and when he went out often deſired him not to ſtay, but this might be merely a wiſh of ſociety, her ſecluded life, not allowing her the diverſity of common viſitants.

Preparation

Preparation was now made for a haſty journey, though neceſſarily delayed longer than the impatience of Eve allowed, from the many concerns Shechem could not leave, without throwing his affairs into confuſion. Thus Hanſon, who liſtened to every wiſh of her whom he ſought to oblige, as well as to his own deſire of once more embracing the friend of his youth, prevailed on himſelf to forgo the pleaſure of eſcorting Shechem and his daughter, ſetting out the ſame evening for the reſidence of his brother-in-law Edward, which lay upon the road to Theodore.

Whilſt the chaiſe waited at the door, he ſtepped into the apartments of Eve to bid her adieu, and once more to entreat ſhe would hope for the beſt.

"Alas!" ſhe replied, "I am convinced of my weakneſs. I know that it is impoſſible he can be ſaved, and I ſhall for ever be miſerable."

"Not

"Not ſo," ſaid Hanſon, trembling, "Not ſo, I hope. Ah! how readily would I exchange ſituations, if I could give peace to Eve."

"You miſtake," ſaid ſhe, bluſhing, and turning down her eyes that were dimmed with tears, "Theodore is the huſband of Eliza."

Hanſon knew not what to reply, he wiſhed to ſay much, but at this moment he could ſay nothing. He gazed upon her for an inſtant, he attempted to ſpeak, but bowing, ſilently he hurried into the chaiſe.

"You miſtake, Theodore is the huſband of Eliza," repeated he to himſelf, as the chaiſe drove off. "Can ſhe then regard me with affection? Yet why ſo lament Theodore? That ſhe loved him I know, ſhe has confeſſed it to me; but what am I to conclude from this, ſurely ſhe meant ſomething more than common. I was a fool not to aſk an explanation."

Thus

Thus Hanſon reaſoned, and from a ſimple reply flattered himſelf that he was not wholly an object of indifference to Eve. Theſe reflections, as he drew nigh the houſe of Edward, gave place to ſcenes he had now to encounter, and he prepared to meet with firmneſs any additions of ill fortune.

He learnt from his ſiſters that Edward had ſet out the preceding night for the town where Theodore was confined, that he might be preſent at his trial, and by his company ſupport his firmneſs in a moment ſo terrible. She added, that they had no hopes of his acquittal, he being reſolute in his determination of ſuffering.

Glad even to find that Theodore yet lived, he took a haſty leave of his ſiſter, without daring to mention to her the fate of Eliza, it being a ſubject on which he durſt not truſt his own feelings, as it never roſe in his mind, unaccompanied by vows of retaliation.

Obliged

Obliged to put up on the road, he retired early to his chamber, that he might more readily be at liberty to purſue his journey at an early hour Whilſt undreſſing, he heard the voices of two perſons in the adjoining room. The one in a tone of advice, the other in that of complaint, which naturally attracting his attention, he ſtood ſtill to liſten.

"Truſt to my honour," ſaid one, "I would adviſe you in this caſe ſo as ſhall be moſt beneficial to you and Sir Richard. Beſides, you muſt be conſcious that to have recourſe to law with a man of his property, is only bringing on yourſelf certain ruin, without a ſhadow of redreſs."

"And then," ſaid the other, "are the laws ſo ineffectual, or are they made only for the rich? Had this infamous ſcoundrel ſeduced the daughter of one rich as himſelf, durſt he, I aſk, have left her with impunity? Would not the law have given him redreſs?"

"Why,

"Why, if ſhe had been an heireſs, it might have been capital I grant, but your daughter you know is without any fortune, and he offers to compound genteelly."

"And ſo," cried the father in a rage, and ſtamping on the ground, "becauſe my daugh- is poor, ſhe is to be ruined by a d—d ſcoun- drel, and turned off when he has ſatisfied himſelf. 'Tis true ſhe has no promiſe of marriage in writing, but he certainly gave her a verbal engagement, and I will bring an action againſt him. I will try if juſtice cannot for once be had by a poor man."

"Will you hear me calmly," ſaid the lawyer, "this is a caſe where you muſt ſub- mit. There is no law on your ſide but what will not be effective. You may proſecute him indeed for the loſs of her labour during her pregnancy and nurturage, but then the damages will be trifling, and not to the amount of

of the compenſation he offers;* beſides he will provide her a huſband, and give them a ſnug farm, ſo that in fact the honour he has done you, is an advantage which you could not have expected."

"And this is juſtice," replied the other, "one man ſhall be hanged for ſeducing an heireſs, another ſhall pay a trifling fine for ſeducing a girl, perhaps much ſuperior in every point except fortune; and even that pitiful compenſation muſt be ſued for in the moſt degrading manner, as if ſhe was a beaſt of the field who had received a damage that rendered her unfit for labour, and whoſe loſs of time muſt be made good to the owner."

The next day brought him to the town where Theodore was confined, to whom after ſome difficulty and bribery he was admitted; a faint light ſhone through the grated opening at the top of the cell, ſcarcely ſufficing at firſt to

trace an object, but the eye ſoon accommodating itſelf to the gloom, perceived the engines of confinement, bolts and chains. On a litter of ſtraw ſat the heart-broken Theodore, in whom the beauty of youth had bloomed and was gone. He was unchained, they having no apprehenſion of his attempting an eſcape, after a voluntary ſurrender, though it was well known with what facility he had eluded his former keepers, and with what ſucceſs he had ſecreted himſelf from every reſearch.

When Hanſon entered he was ſitting, his hands ſupporting his head, whilſt the portrait of Eliza lay before him, the ſubject of deep meditation. He looked up at the opening of the door, he gazed with a vague remembrance upon Hanſon, but till he heard the ſound of his voice, was unable to fix certainty to his perſon; for though the features were familiar, he had ſo perſuaded himſelf of his death, or

ſtation

ſtation at an impaſſable diſtance, that reflection never glanced towards him.

"Is it poſſible," ſaid he, in a voice too enfeebled to take the tone of ſatisfaction. "Is it poſſible you can be here in the dungeons of a priſon, whom I thought had long ſince been dead? How have you eſcaped the deſtruction which was ſuſpended over you? What clue has conducted you to this my laſt earthly habitation?"

"I grieve," replied Hanſon, taking his hand and ſitting down on the ſtraw beſide him. "My ſoul is afflicted at this meeting. Is this the pleaſure our youthful imaginations had contrived for the years of manhood? Is this the end of our felicitous ſchemes? O Theodore! no more ſhall I taſte ſatisfaction, ſince you, ſince my beloved ſiſter, and my parents, are fallen the victims of miſtaken and terrible paſſion."

"Yet

"Yet ſhall the tyrant feel," ſaid Theodore, raiſing his eyes with ſomewhat of fire, "I from this miſerable cell will launch the dart of remorſe into his heart, and avenge the fall of your ſiſter."

"But how," ſaid Hanſon, "by deſtroying yourſelf? Were it not better, even now to endeavour to eſcape? I am aſſured there are no witneſſes againſt you, and conſider if this voluntary ſurrender does not conſtitute ſuicide."

"No more of this," replied he, "I would not for all the world contains be much longer its inhabitant. Common place paſſions might be ſatisfied to live, but I have no deſign, no purpoſe—no purſuit. I have been harraſſed in every form. I have endured beyond the powers of human nature. I have loved with an ardour not to be deſtroyed, but now it is nearly over, and I will die."

Determination

Determination ſo fixed as this, Hanſon attempted not to remove. But after a moment's reflection, he prevailed on himſelf to offer what the moſt exalted friendſhip could neither have expected nor deſired."

"Theodore!" ſaid he, "I am ſatisfied your preſent hatred of life ariſes from the loſs you have ſuſtained in my ſiſter. To give you then a motive to live, is only to give yon a new paſſion. You are ſenſible that the daughter of Shechem Benſadi beheld your merits with partiality; that from the hour you became her deliverer, ſhe cheriſhed for you a ſecret love. She is poſſeſſed of every qualification which can render a woman amiable, and without thoſe frailties ſo very common, and ſo very diſguſting. She is peculiarly ſuited to pleaſe you as a companion, and I ſee no obſtacle to prevent your accepting that portion of pleaſure you yet may attain."

"I have

"I have yet to learn," anſwered Theodore, by what accident you have made acquaintance with the man who ſhould give chriſtianity the bluſh; and to anſwer your advice without conſidering it, would not be the part of prudence. I held myſelf to blame for not flying from her the firſt hour ſuſpicion told me her ſentiments, and therefore when diſengaged from Eliza, I coolly reflected if I could any way contribute to the peace I might accidently have hurt; but I felt within myſelf that nature was wounded to the center, and that it was morally impoſſible I ſhould continue long. I felt alſo, that however I might eſteem her as a friend, beyond that every feeling was engaged to the remembrance of Eliza, and that had my health been perfect, and the promiſe of years yet in ſtore been given me, I could not have ſo behaved, but that ſhe muſt notice my coolneſs of affection, and thus every moment of her life would have been imbittered, and grief preyed upon her in ſilence. For I know well that Eve is too tender to divide the

affections of a huſband, or indeed to be ſatisfied with the common expreſſions of regard."

Hanſon was not, perhaps, chagrined at the negation of his propoſal, he found his friend unchangeably firm in his reſolutions; and to put off for a time the ſenſe of his immediate ſufferings, he related his journey through Arabia, with obſervations on the manners of men, deſcribing them in every ſtage, from the ſimple Hindoo who fed on fruits in the woods, to the Monarch who ſtruts in imperial pomp, as tinctured with folly.

Before the concluſion of a narration, engaging to Theodore, Edward entered the cell, and informed them that Squire Cyphon had retained a lawyer of great abilities as counſel in favour of the priſoner; that the plea of inſanity was to be inſiſted on, which ſeveral country people, and the keeper of the mad houſe, were to ſupport by facts.

Theodore

Theodore was ſilent at this, he ſeemed to conſider in himſelf ſome concern of moment, evading reply by deſiring Hanſon to go on, and leave matters of ſo trifling an import to ſome future diſcuſſion. They remained the greateſt part of the day in the priſon, their company reſtraining the fatal indulgence of grief, which ſapped the energy of Theodore. About an hour after their return to the inn, Shechem Benſadi and his daughter arrived. Some little confuſion was viſible in the meeting of the latter with Hanſon, but grief ſo choaked her utterance, that ſanguine hope could draw no concluſion to reckon on.

As it was impoſſible ſo late to be admitted to Theodore, the benevolence of friendſhip had longer to endure ſuſpenſe, a ſuſpenſe that was beneficial to Eve, as her fatigue, added to the agitation of her mind, rendered her little able to ſuſtain the ſhock of beholding the man ſhe firſt loved, and whom even now ſhe regarded with the tendereſt affection any other

name might warrant, in the abodes of a common gaol, whose gloom alone was terrible; but how much more dreadful when connected with death, under circumstances so aweful.

Her soul shrunk fearfully from the thoughts of bolts and chains, whose dismal clanking already sounded in her ears. But the pallid countenance of Theodore, the trembling eye of suffering, she already fancied turned upon her, almost deprived her of sufficient fortitude once more to speak to her friend, before the fearful day of trial, on which was suspended his fate.

Labouring under so much agitation, it is not to be supposed that sleep presented images of pleasure, or calmed to repose the labouring mind of this daughter of Jerusalem. By turns Theodore and Hanson occupied the moments denied to interrupted slumber. She had long been conscious of the attachment of the latter to her, as every look and every action

tion ſufficiently expreſſed it; ſhe was not blind to his merits, and the native ſoftneſs of her heart taught her to pity any who loved. When once a woman beholds with pity the attachment of a man to herſelf, love is not far from the heart, though circumſtances may prevent the extenſion of its empire. Theodore was loſt to her in being already married, and much of her affection naturally reverted to Hanſon, who was not undeſerving, and who was preſent to catch every moment of tenderneſs; for aſſuredly the paſſions of mankind are wrought on by the preſent objects, and what love is ſo refined as to continue its exiſtence, when gratification is irrevocably preſcribed, and the object itſelf removed to a diſtance. Nevertheleſs, that certain ſomething, which is not to be deſcribed, and which binds us to the object we have once held valuable, ſuſpended the reſolution of Eve; and though ſhe was ſatisfied Theodore would never be nearer to her, though ſhe now did not even wiſh it, ſhe wavered in

her mind, and could not resolve on accepting Hanson.

The result of many hours meditation, was to wait the event of the trial, before she held out to Hanson any encouragement, or allowed him to hope that it might still be in her choice to remain free, or give him her hand, when she should find how the fate of Theodore affected her, it being confined on the points of death, or confinement for life on the statute of insanity. She endeavoured to reconcile her mind to either of these events; and as misfortune when it advances before our sight loses much of its weight, so Eve became calmer as reason had room to reflect.

On the following day, after embracing Theodore, Shechem left to Hanson and Edward the care of his daughter, proposing to ride to the country seat of Squire Cyphon, and endeavour to dive into his intentions, and if possible prevail on him to suffer his son to escape,

eſcape, ſhould they eſtabliſh the plea of inſanity.

He had rode little more than eight miles, when the chaiſe overturned on the part of a road which was reparing, and the axle being broke, he was obliged to walk to a little ale-houſe at half a mile's diſtance, there to wait till another could be procured, age and infirmity rendering him incapable of ſitting a horſe.

Whilſt he took ſome refreſhment in an upper room, he obſerved a large ſavage looking man ride up and diſmount; ſoon after a chaiſe, attended by three ſervants well mounted and armed, drew up to the door. He advanced to ſurvey this new comer, not without ſome ſuſpicion, the inn not being of appearance ſufficient to invite the dignified traveller to refreſh.

He perceived a middle ſized man get out with the help of his ſervants, on whom he leaned to the houſe; in his face was obſerved a deep melancholy beneath a frown, which ſpread over every feature the darkeſt gloom; his eye was turned with haſte and ſuſpicion on every object, and without knowing why, Shechem immediately concluded it to be Squire Cyphon himſelf.

A little confuſed at unexpectedly meeting the man he was going to ſeek, and whoſe character of imperious vindiction was imprinted on every lineament of a face, where time and diſappointment had made many ravages, he ſat down to conſider on his line of action.

He ſuſpected ſome deſign to be in agitation relative to Theodore, and the firſt perſon, whoſe ill looking viſage he diſliked, he judged to be the keeper of the mad houſe. Whilſt he

he ſat conſidering whether or no he ſhould declare himſelf, he heard them enter the room immediately adjoining, where after ſome general obſervations, Squire Cyphon opened the buſineſs of their meeting.

"And ſo," ſaid he, "you ſee, after all my ſchemes, and that there, this obſtinate boy will outwit me at laſt, and eſcape from the circle of my power, if we do not contrive ſome maſter ſtroke."

"Let me alone, I'll anſwer with my neck," replied the other, "I have a clever ſet of fellows that will ſwear a man's alive who has been buried theſe ten years; and beſides, lookee, I knows what's the go; a few ſhiners tipped to I knows who, to drink his Majeſty's health, will bring it in lunacy, as fair and clever as ere a man in Bedlam."

"All that there," returned the tender father, "I know we ſhall manage, I will

ſpare no expence, and that there, rather than one of the Cyphons ſhould ſwing on a common gallows. Heaven and earth! my name would be eternally blaſted. But what I would is this—when we have him again, how ſhall we keep him, and that? He will break through your ſecurities."

"Truſt me, I knows a rig worth two of that. Let me have him once again, and he never more ſees the bleſſed light of the ſun."

"How do you mean," ſaid Cyphon, lowering his voice, "You do not intend to make away with him, and that? Though—to be ſure, it would be a happineſs if he was dead, provided my name was unſullied, and my injured honour ſatisfied. That blow which he gave me in defiance of my will, the oppoſition he has made, and the degeneracy he has ſhewn about that ſtrumpet daughter of Hanſon, has deſtroyed all my pity; and yet, and that there.—No, he muſt not be murdered."

Shechem

Shechem ſhuddered at words like theſe, he could not perceive the countenances of the ſpeakers, and therefore knew not how far the keeper agreed with ſentiments ſo ſanguinary, but it not being his place to preſs any argument of deſtruction, he ſeemed to drop the affair, and turn the diſcourſe to another object.

"I have," ſaid he, "a ſcheme in my head, for I've a great itch to travel. I intend going to America; now ſuppoſe I carry over Theodore, and ſettle there, you will be for ever freed from him, and I will anſwer no tales are told."

The chaiſe which was intended for Shechem now rolled up to the door; he had loſt any inclination for an interview with a man in whom nature was reverted, and rejoicing that accident had given him an inſight into intentions he ſhould otherwiſe have little

credited, he haſtened back to impart his diſcovery, and concert with Hanſon and Edward ſome ſcheme of fruſtration.

"I rejoice," ſaid Hanſon, "at this fortunate diſcovery, we ſhall traverſe the deſigns of the enemy, and permit them to perform for us, what our own want of power is incompetent to. When by their projections Theodore ſhall be acquitted of the murder, I and his couſin will ſtep forward in the face of the court, and offer ourſelves bondſmen for his ſecurity. We will parry the claims of the father, by declaring that thus will be removed the odium of ſuſpicion from himſelf, and convince the world that he has acted from upright principles, and not from diſappointment and pride.

So flattering a promiſe ſeemed to flaſh like a dawn of hope upon the friends of Theodore, which was the more readily received, as probability

bability appeared in its favour; though, leaſt ſome unforeſeen event might occur, it was to remain wholly with themſelves.

Theodore, as the day of trial advanced, became more collected in himſelf, he ſeemed to have acquired a degree of firmneſs, and ceaſed to mention Eliza; but as to his intentions they were doubtful, as he ſedulouſly guarded againſt any expreſſion glancing that way.

As the day drew nigh the reſolution of Eve began to faulter, ſhe had intended witneſſing the trial, but her heart failed, and ſhe found it impoſſible. She almoſt wiſhed to return to London, that the certainty might be longer unknown, and would probably have been influenced by this weak argument, had not the preſence of Hanſon's ſiſters reſtrained her, and in ſome degree ſupported her drooping ſpirits.

The

The aſſizes were begun in the town, and but for the influence of Squire Cyphon the trial of Theodore had been firſt brought on, his crime being of the higheſt charge, ſtanding next to treaſon in the penal law, and equal to it in the law of nature.

CHAP.

CHAP. VII.

Yes, I do think you might pardon him,
And neither Heaven nor man grieve at the mercy.
B—.

A Trial of ſo uncommon a nature was matter of univerſal curioſity and expectation, rumour having already ſpread the particulars, which touching on the paſſions of man, few but were convinced of the priſoner's guilt, and yet at the ſame time earneſtly deſired his acquittal.

It was not the leaſt extraordinary circumſtance attending, that the father ſhould at once be proſecutor againſt, and counſel for the priſoner, and a vaſt concourſe of people took their places early to be ſpectators of a ſcene, at

at once ſo ſolemn and ſo important. Theodore, dreſſed in deep mourning, attended by his three friends, entered the court, and, after bowing to the audience, was indulged with a ſeat, his enfeebled ſtate of health not permitting him to ſtand. The portrait of his wife, hung in black, depended from his neck. A paleneſs equal to death ſpread over his emaciated cheeks, and his eye ſeemed not to obſerve the paſſing tranſaction, but to contemplate ſome matter of ſuperior importance; it was however remarked, when his eye glanced upon his father, that a univerſal tremor ſhook him, and that his lips appeared to tremble. The eaſy dignity he diſplayed in his behaviour, the deep rooted ſorrow which the ſainteſt glance diſcovered, excited an univerſal murmur of pity, and many an eye gliſtened with a tear that did honour to human nature.

Squire Cyphon was ſeated at a little diſtance from the bar, an object, perhaps, of equal pity. His features were alternately ſuf-

fuſed

fuſed with the deepeſt crimſon and a carnivorous yellow. A gloomy frown hung perpetually on his brow; he ſeemed to labour under diſeaſe, and a thouſand jarring feelings, which alternately elevated and depreſſed him, and which might be eaſily miſtaken for the emotions of nature, though ariſing from wounded pride, and tottering domination. Could any circumſtance be more galling to a man who was tremblingly alive to all the whiſpers of pride, to find himſelf expoſed in a public court of juſtice to all the calumnies his behaviour juſtly warranted, and to that univerſal indignation, every moment ready to be poured out upon him, and which reſpect for the Court alone held in bounds.

An univerſal ſtillneſs prevailing in the Court, the indictment was read, ſtating that Theodore Cyphon, not having the fear of God before his eyes, but being inſtigated by the devil, did, with intent to kill, inflict on the body of his uncle, the late Lord D——,

one

one mortal wound, beneath the left breaſt, with a poinard, or dagger, of which mortal wound the deceaſed had died in the ſpace of ſix hours—Guilty, or not guilty?

Theodore was ſtanding whilſt the charge was read, and inſtantly, to the ſurprize of all preſent, pleaded *guilty*. The Counſel then aroſe, and aſking permiſſion firſt to ſpeak, was allowed the indulgence. "My Lords," ſaid he, "and you gentlemen of the jury, as I poſſeſs inconteſtible proofs that the priſoner at the bar is *non compos mentis*, and of which this, I think, is ſufficient teſtimony of itſelf, unſupported by prior facts, I entreat that he be challenged again, and the trial allowed to proceed in form."

To a requeſt ſo reaſonable the Judge bowed aſſent, and the Recorder again demanded of Theodore, Guilty, or not guilty?—To which he replied, "Since it is a matter of form wherein truth is not expected, I plead—*Not guilty!*

The

The witneſſes for the Crown were then ſworn, the ſum of whoſe evidence tended to prove that Theodore was a madman. The fortune-teller was ſuppoſed to be him, from the circumſtance of the clothes found in the well, and the oſtler's coat, and a pair of ſhoes in the large drawing-room. The poinard, which had been found by a countryman, was produced in Court, where it was proved to have been ſold to a ſtroller, though the perſon, when now confronted with Theodore, could not ſwear to his perſon. The moſt material evidence was the perſons who had guard over Theodoric, who both agreed in ſaying, that, inſtantly as they heard the report of the piſtol, they burſt into the room, and heard diſtinctly the words, *Theodore, you have killed your uncle*; that they perceived a man without a coat ruſh out at the oppoſite door, whom they purſued, but could not overtake in the dark. The next witneſſes were the men who had diſcovered Theodore in the ruins, who ſtated that when the old woman was apprehended

for

for a witch, and interrogated concerning Theodore, ſhe had, to clear herſelf from the firſt ſuſpicion, confeſſed that he had owned himſelf as the murderer to her.

Thus the fact was clearly proved, though involved in the myſtery of night, and no doubt of the perpetrator could be entertained, eſpecially when the circumſtances of his various concealments and diſguiſes were related, which could ariſe from no other motive than to elude juſtice.

The evidence of the Crown being cloſed, the Counſel for the priſoner, who was employed by 'Squire Cyphon, aroſe, and before he called up any witneſſes, deſired the attention of the Court.

"My Lords, and you Gentlemen of the Jury," ſaid he, "from facts ſo plainly eſtabliſhed, and ſo incontrovertibly proved, I ſhall not attempt to draw your attention; but

as

as no man who has not the power of moral agency can be guilty of a crime, I venture to pronounce that you will find your verdict in favour of the prisoner. It is seldom, in my opinion, a case so clear as the present occurs; where every shadow of doubt must be done away, on an attentive consideration of facts, to which I beg leave to lead you.

"The first symptoms of insanity particularly noticed in the unhappy gentleman before you, was in the midst of some private conversation with his father, when he was observed to ramble in his words, and otherwise give testimony of some derangement of intellect, which shortly became so alarming, that it was necessary he should be confined, though even this measure of common safety was not adopted until he had, in the frenzy of passion, given his father a blow. Yes, Gentlemen, incredible as it appears, that father who had ever attended to his wants, and whom grief at his present situation has brought down to the

the verge of exiſtence—but who can anſwer for the ſallies of madneſs?

"Twice he nearly eſcaped from a temporary confinement in an upper room, and behaved otherwiſe ſo outrageouſly, that it was judged neceſſary to ſend him to Mr. Y——'s private receptacle for lunatics. From that Gentleman, (who is a man of character in his profeſſion) I learn, that, notwithſtanding every care, he became ſo outrageous, that it was dangerous to viſit him, and that he once laid violent hands on one of the aſſiſtants, bit him ſeverely in the arm, and threatened to tear him into atoms, which was probably only prevented by timely aſſiſtance. After this, by an effort of incredible proweſs, much beyond the phyſical powers of man, unaided by foreign agency, he broke in pieces the chain with which he was confined, and made his way through every obſtacle.

"The

"The malady, after this wonderful effort, appeared to decreaſe, and rationality might be ſaid to have again marked his actions. He was received by his uncle Thompſon, and after ſome time renewed acquaintance with a curate who had once been his tutor, and by him was drawn in to marry one of his daughters, with whom it is ſuppoſed, antecedent to this period, he had had connections.

"The unhappy father, lamenting this ruin of his ſon, on whom he had fixed his hopes, and irritated at the conduct of the curate, who, taking advantage of the weakneſs of this ſon, ſeduced him into a marriage with a daughter, whoſe favours were not denied to every one, commenced an action againſt the curate on the ſtatute of Clandeſtine Marriage. I will not treſpaſs on your patience and feelings, by entering on a detail of every minutiæ; for, preſſed as I am by abundance of matter, my difficulty is not to ſubſtantiate proofs, but out of ſo many, to ſelect the moſt ſtriking.

"My

"My Lords, I now come to that part of my narrative which touches me with grief, which I am ſure muſt affect every perſon preſent, and even compaſſion will attach itſelf to the unhappy gentleman at the bar; for though a perſon whoſe intellects are deranged may be incapable of a proper concatenation of reaſoning, yet their feelings, when touched in the point where they have aſſociated objects of pleaſure, may be as acutely wounded as thoſe of a man in his moſt perfect ſtate.

"The daughter of this curate, who I have ſaid before had been by her father compelled to marry, that her diſgrace might be concealed, waited only the deceaſe of her parent to fly with her paramour, and had the effrontery to circulate a report, that the late Lord D— had by violence carried her away.

"Does not the mind recoil at a falſehood ſo dreadful? Can it be ſuppoſed that a man of ſo much honour, a man of ſo much known generoſity,

generosity, would even think of dishonouring the wife of his nephew. I think that a simple statement of the monstrous hypothesis must be a sufficient refutation. But mark its fearful effects on the mind of the unfortunate husband. Once more was tottering reason wholly overthrown, and he was again confined, not by his father, but by the cousin with whom he resided. At length, when nature had exhausted herself, and some dawning of reason again appeared, he conceived the fatal resolution of avenging the fancied injury on his uncle.

"In the mind of insanity there is usually but one leading and governing idea, on which perhaps every thought shall be clear, and unfortunately this idea was murder in the object before us. You already know he effected this purpose, that he escaped, and wandered for many months in the woods, and other places; during this time his actions were so very extraordinary, and so far above human

effort, that the ſimple country people believed he dealt with ſome infernal agent, which is a matter of ſo much notoriety, that I believe there are few preſent who cannot remember ſome of the ſtories in circulation.

"In a ſtate of delirium he was admitted into —— workhouſe, where, in one of his lucid intervals, he diſcovered his former wife, but a ſhort time before ſhe expired, in conſequence of diſeaſe contracted in her illicit connexions.

"Were it neceſſary, I have many witneſſes to prove the facts I have aſſerted, but I ſhall cloſe this ſtatement of particulars by obſerving, that even the recent act of ſurrendering himſelf to juſtice, after having ſo carefully fled from its purſuit, muſt evince undeniably the irregularity of his mind.

"I would deſire gentlemen to conſider, what muſt be the ſufferings of his unhappy father,

father, whoſe brother has been deſtroyed by his ſon, and that ſon the only heir to their illuſtrious houſe. Neceſſitated, in order to gain poſſeſſion of his ſon, to come forward in the odious light of a proſecutor of his own child, what muſt have been his feelings. Yet no other mode of action was left him, whilſt his ſufferings were increaſed by the reflections circulated againſt him by unthinking perſons. His days have been ſhortened by grief, his conſtitution undermined by perpetual alarms, for he knew not but every ſucceeding hour might bring account of his ſon's death; and, finally, what muſt he ſuffer in the event of this day?

"Gentlemen of the Jury, with you it reſts to reſtore to the father the ſolitary right of ſuperintending the wanderings of his ſon. Nor can you with ſafety bring in a man guilty of murder, who had not at the time of the act the command of his reaſon. As well might a man who was precipitated by ſome

foreign agency down a precipice, be deemed guilty of ſuicide; for in the one caſe, as well as the other, we know that could the will have been exerted, a contrary action would have been choſen.

"But if the eſtabliſhed maxim of philoſophy be true, the extenſion is carried to a wider range. Whoſo reaſons wrong from right principles, or right from wrong principles, is a madman.* Now Theodore in taking upon himſelf the executive power of juſtice, (ſuppoſing Lord D— to have been guilty) reaſoned wrong from right principles, becauſe the law ſhould have been his avenger. Thus he is mathematically demonſtrated not to be in his true ſenſes. Beſides, it ought not to be forgot, that where juſtice is doubtful, or even at equipoiſe, mercy ought to preponderate the beam; and recollect, that by giving your verdict on the ſide of mercy, you will not hereafter ſuffer any internal reproach,

* Locke.

but

But may reflect with satisfaction to your latest hour, that you have saved a man morally innocent.

"Remember also, that here the plea of prevention does not occur, you are not going to let loose on mankind a robber, you are going to give to a father the care of his son, misled by a derangement of intellect, under circumstances that require security, and thus he will be as effectually prevented a repetition of an act which I shudder to name, as though your verdict brought him in guilty.

"But he is not guilty. I repeat again, that a man in his situation cannot be guilty. He does not rank under the class of a drunken man, though the intoxicated person may not in fact be guilty of intentional crime, yet as prior to the committal, he voluntarily deprived himself of reason; he knew, or might have known, the consequences of partial insanity, and therefore becomes amenable for

every crime he may commit under that influence. But here the insanity arises from the visitation of God. The will is not at all consulted, and I assert no man can be guilty of any crime, where he had not power to will the contrary. I beg leave now to turn you to those witnesses who will support the facts I have stated, and I sit down confident you will give your verdict as reason, justice, mercy, and humanity dictates."

As several witnesses appeared in court to confirm by their evidence the assertions of the counsel, one of the jurymen came forward and said "That they were perfectly satisfied with the statement they had already heard, and did not conceive any additional weight was necessary by accumulating evidence."

He was interrupted by Theodore, who had hitherto sat overwhelmed with variety of agitations, to counteract which all his powers of resolution were exerted, and now wiping from

from his eye the ſolitary tear which nature had conjured up, he bowed reſpectfully, and deſired, before the jury gave in their verdict, he might be permitted to ſpeak.

Leave being given, and every ſpectator ſtilled by expectation, and ſcarcely breathing from anxiety, he preſſed his right hand for a moment on his breaſt, as if to quiet the tumult within, and began in a voice clear, yet ſolemn, and ſoftened by melancholy, whilſt a faint bluſh of timidity dyed his cheek.

"My Lords, and you Gentlemen of the Jury," ſaid he, "This day have I witneſſed the terrible weakneſs of human nature, and the moral impoſſibility of practical juſtice. Man to decide with impartiality muſt be created without paſſion, he muſt be omniſcient; but whilſt the light of human reaſon gleams on us ſo faintly, all we have left is to catch at its rays.

"I have sat still, I have endeavoured to overcome the weakness of human nature, and to triumph above reproach; but I have discovered that agony yet can reach me. Yes, my Lords, I find I am still a man, and that I yet retain too nice a sense of feeling to let pass unrefuted calumnies of the darkest dye, of the most cruel and malignant nature. What do I suffer, to hear in the face of so many virtuous females, the character of one virtuous and chaste as any here, traduced, and her reputation blasted. For it is an eternal truth, as the able gentleman has already stated, that where the will does not participate, crime cannot attach.

"Could the depths of infernal darkness have produced a train of more insatiate malice, than has blazed in this court—for, driven as I am to place before you the character of my wife in its original lustre, I must exhibit to the world a concatenation of circumstances which

which will recoil on the heads of my perſecutors, and blaſt their names to eternity."

Here Theodore related the outlines of his ſtory in a manner ſo intereſting, that every eye and every heart that was uninfluenced by his father, felt and accompanied his ſufferings with ſighs and tears.

"Thus" he went on, "has etherial purity been blackened and polluted, thus have the ſufferings of the virtuous Eliza been brought to prove her criminality, and thus power expected to ſweep all before it as a mighty torrent; but I aſk pardon for this deviation from the direct ſubject before us, for though I had been determined to be ſilent, to meet my fate unreſiſting, yet having been irritated by ſo mean an attack, I muſt in ſpite of myſelf heap ſhame on that man who would ſtand forward here as the patron of virtue, who has blazoned forth his pretended merits,

who has, under the maſk of paternal care, perſecuted me with a rancour, irreconcilable to the common rules of nature.

"I have ſtooped to his power, I have ſpurned at his vengeance, I have beſought his compaſſion, I have defied his malice; but only one line of conduct has he preſerved towards me, which was to torture me with all the ills his ſtation allowed him to inflict, to deſtroy for ever every object of human love and affection; and now, when my wife has been violated and *murdered*, I repeat it, murdered by thoſe infamous means, when my ſon has been conſigned to a fetal grave, when I myſelf have been hunted from one corner of the kingdom to the other: he would again encloſe me, under pretence of inſanity, in the abodes of groaning nature; that ſo, ſhut out from obſervation, I may languiſh in ſecret. But I am not a maniac, my reaſon is active, and I ſwear by the Eternal Father of Being, that the

the crime of which I this day ſtand charged, was an act of the cooleſt deliberation and deſign.

"Was it madneſs to travel into Ireland, to ſink the traces of my perſon? Was it madneſs to diſguiſe myſelf, and gain as I did an entrance into a houſe guarded with jealous precaution? Was it madneſs to elude the purſuits of juſtice, of parental vengeance, of friendſhip, and thirſt of reward? and even thoſe ſtories ſo much inſiſted on, of ſupernatural action, muſt evince the full vigour of reaſon, which could play upon the follies of mankind.

"'Tis true indeed that I have been actually deranged, that my ſoul was ſtabbed by the crime of that deteſtable monſter Theodoric! but that effervescence had ſubſided, and finding the futility of law to reſtore my wife her purity, to give my ſon again to exiſtence, and Mr. Hanſon from the grave, I coolly determined

to be my own avenger, and level the tyrant to his native sod.

"It has been said he was innocent, that a man of so much *honour*, so much *generosity*, would not dishonour the wife of his nephew. But where was honour, where was generosity, when the Hansons were driven from their humble shed? When the young man who stands there was sold to the East-India Company as a common soldier, dragged as a slave from the burning sands of Africa, and consigned to the markets of the East? And where, I demand, was conscious innocence, when this Theodoric, unacquainted with my intentions, ignorant that I was even released from the confinement of delirium, held in pay men to watch over and guard him—from what? from the haunts of an evil conscience, or the phantoms of frenzy? no, but from the hands of an injured husband, from the arm of secret justice he knew he had merited. He knew that no other form could touch him; like a tyrant he

he laughed at juſtice, and at law, but what precaution could protect him from the ſilent aſſaſſin?

"Perhaps it may be conſidered an act of mercy to give number to my days, but now it would be the greateſt cruelty, as well as an outrage of the law. Already I have been a ſacrifice to unmerited confinement, the barbarous commands of a father loaded me with chains, and gave me to the hands of men inured to the greateſt crimes. I was hurried into this confinement to revenge an accidental blow; for had I been inſane, would not means of recovery have been firſt reſorted to? Would the tender and mourning father, ſuch as mine has been repreſented, have conſigned his only ſon to a dungeon, had he been mad, without firſt calling in the aſſiſtance of the faculty? But none of this was done, and thoſe proofs of my ſuperior ſtrength, were not the efforts of inſanity, but the exertions of youth to regain its

its freedom, and ſpurn at the iron hand of power.

"It has been ſaid that Mr. Hanſon ſeduced me into marriage with his daughter. No, Sirs, Mr. Hanſon was a man of uprightneſs. I extorted from him his conſent; circumſtances urged me to hazard the happineſs of a man I loved; but he fell a ſacrifice to the machinations of dignified villains, to an act which nullifies itſelf.

"The Honourable Counſel, whom I conceive to have been impoſed on by ſpecious pretexts, has ſtated to you the hypotheſis, that a man who reaſons wrong from right principles is a madman; he has told you that this opens an extenſive range,—wide and univerſal indeed would be the influence of ſuch a principle, there is not a crime beneath the heavens, but would receive from it a ſanction. The robber reaſons wrong from right principles. His principle is to ſupply himſelf the comforts of life,

life, but his reaſoning is erroneous, when it leads him to force. "I myſelf ſought retribution for a crime, for an injury nothing in nature could repair; this was a right principle, but I reaſoned wrong in taking to myſelf private juſtice, becauſe were that allowed, ſociety would be deſtroyed, but this cannot argue me inſane. Miniſters, merchants, ſhopkeepers, and every individual member of community, either reaſon wrong from right principles, or right from wrong principles; thus if you condemn me on this dogma, you pronounce the ſentence of inſanity on the whole race of man. Indeed a latitude may be allowed, if we place ourſelves on the baſis of reaſon; then we may be ſaid to be univerſally mad—but if we conſider the claſh of various paſſions, the influence of ſelf intereſt, we ſhall find that thoſe actions which mark univerſal inſanity, are only erroneous deductions from right principles.

"Perhaps

"Perhaps to entreat you to diveſt yourſelves of miſtaken pity, would be to aſk you to caſt aſide the feelings of human nature, for where is the heart which beats not at the deſtruction of a woman, beautiful as the faireſt daughter of Eve, who ſits before you. Modeſt as the veſtal virgin, and united to the man ſhe loved from the moment paſſion had a name. To ſay ſhe was undone is a phraſe unequal to the meaning. Was there ever a crime of deeper malignity, of cooler cruelty, which has ſullied the annals of man, than the preſent before you? Ye fathers, ye mothers, whoſe nightly dreams are the welfare of your daughters, whoſe daily delight is to mark their progreſs to blooming maturity, what would be your feelings at ſeeing the tender object of every anxiety torn from your arms, blaſted by vile contamination, thrown amongſt the loweſt dregs of ſociety? Would you retain the common routine of reaſon, to viſit in the hovel of indigent obſcurity this object of your affections,

affections, and ſee her on the verge of exiſtence, deformed by diſeaſe, broke down by deſpair? Ye brothers, ye ſiſters, what would be the reflections of your minds at ſuch a deed? But above all, ye lovers, ye young men who exiſt but in the well being of the maids ye have choſen, what would ye endure to ſee all this in the woman of your ſoul's ſelection? To ſee thoſe features ye adored a prey to corroding humours, to ſee death already devour the object of your love? Yet all this have I endured, all this have I ſuffered, and I know that my crime will in your eyes become a virtue, and ye will no longer accuſe me of madneſs, in taking on myſelf the taſk of vengeance.

"I have been hurried by my feelings beyond my intentions, my ſpirits have ſuffered uncommon agitation, and nature bids me ſpare reproaches on the man who ſits before you. Not that the name of father can touch me, after all that I have ſuffered from his hand; but

but I obſerve that paſſion has already ſpent its fury on him. I ſee that tranquility has for ever forſaken him, and that the rebut of all his ſchemes has perhaps pierced him as deeply as the calloſity of his feelings could ſuffer. My ſoul was formed to exerciſe the duties of a ſon. I ſhould fondly have ſerved him with filial affection, had his pride allowed me a trifling indulgence. What is it gives the boaſted ſuperiority to rank? Is it the bubble of a name, which like a globule of air glitters in the eye, but is nothing? Is it poſſeſſion of wealth, or exaltation of intellect?

"You Gentlemen of the Jury, I would remind of your duty. You have pledged yourſelves to your country, and before the Principal of eternal truth, to give your verdict to the beſt of your judgment, without favour of any. Now, if you are convinced that at the time I ſtabbed Theodoric I was inſane, you muſt pronouce accordingly; but if by my preſent ſtatement of facts, if by the clear and

ſuccinct

ſuccinct account I have given you, if by my ſolemn appeal, that I was cool and deliberate in the act, you are ſatisfied I was not mad; for paſſion is not madneſs, thirſt of revenge is not madneſs, in both theſe caſes we retain the power of willing, you muſt pronounce me guilty—you have no ſubterfuge to give room for what you may think mercy. You cannot acquit yourſelves before God and the law, to whom you are pledged, and however harſh the ſentence, you muſt pronounce it."

A univerſal murmer for ſome time impeded the progreſs of the court, ſighs and ſobs ſpoke the feelings of the ladies, and even the ſtern hardneſs of man was ſeen to melt. Squire Cyphon unable to ſtand the looks and frowns of the ſpectators, retired through a general hiſs, which the Judges in vain endeavoured to ſuppreſs, by declaring it outraged the ſolemnity of the Court.

Shechem

Shechem too much affected to wait the ſentence of the Jury, retired attended by Edward, but Hanſon whoſe feelings at the recapitulation of his ſiſter's ſufferings, had been ſtimulated to a repetition of vows of revenge, waited with a deep frown of determination on his brow, and vengeance rankling in his heart.

The Judge, when the tumult ſubſided, addreſſed the Jury; he obſerved "that never had he witneſſed a trial ſo peculiar, where the father was at once proſecutor and counſel, and the ſon counſel againſt himſelf, and againſt the father. He lamented that the law pointed to ſo dreadful a puniſhment, for a crime which commonly taken was of the deepeſt dye, but as it now came before them, had loſt much of its criminality. As every doubt of Theodore's not being the perpetrator of the act was done away, their verdict ſolely hinged on the plea of inſanity; for his part he had no doubt of the priſoner's being in his right mind, and

and conſidering him a man who had loſt every reliſh for exiſtence, their feelings would be leſs wounded at doing their duty, if they conſidered it their duty to condemn him."

The Jury then retiring, a moſt painful ſuſpenſe held every perſon preſent Many ladies no longer able to ſuſtain it withdrew, whilſt others entreated him to accept ſome trifles of fruit, part of which was alſo offered to Hanſon, every one being willing to beſtow ſome mark of favour.

In better than three quarters of an hour the Jury returned; a deep dejection was marked on their countenance, and after a moment's heſitation, the foreman in a voice that fauſtered as he ſpoke, pronounced Theodore GUILTY *of the death of Lord D—.*

"Not guilty, by heaven," cried ſeveral voices from the gallery.—"Juſtice, juſtice," cried many others, "Where is the juſtice of hanging

hanging a man for revenging ſo infamous an injury." The whole place became a ſcene of confuſion, many of the female ſex fainted away, an univerſal diſcontent prevailed, ſo much indeed, that the judge feared ſome act of outrage to reſcue the priſoner.

In the midſt of this tumult Theodore again aroſe, he begged to be heard, though he had no right, and ſilence being at length eſtabliſhed, or interrupted by faint murmers and under ſobs, he began by turning round to the Jury.

"Gentlemen," ſaid he, "I return you my ſincere thanks; you have eaſed me of a grievous burden, for to me exiſtence was become of all things moſt painful. You have ſhewn that your love of juſtice is ſuperior to pity, and I perceive the difficulty you have had to act up to the line of rectitude as you ought As to you, my friends, (bowing to the audience) I wonder not at your feelings, it gives me pleaſure

ſure to ſee that human nature yet can diſtinguiſh the language of truth from ſophiſtry, and conſcious that with you the character of Eliza is vindicated, my preſent ſituation is far from intolerable. May the leſſon you have this day received influence your actions to the lateſt moment of your exiſtence. This ſentence you ſo much depreciate, is to me the tidings of peace, for I will confeſs to you, that gloomy ideas of ſelf-deſtruction have often obtruded themſelves, and if I have reſiſted them, it was not owing to common place arguments, but merely from doubt. This is a point on which the moſt ingenious of human reaſonings muſt ever reſt as ſpeculation, and I conſidered it the part of wiſdom not to run unneceſſary hazard, where ſo much depended on the caſt. From this uncertainty I am now liberated, I ſhall eſcape every future perſecution, and ſuffer the penalties of that law I have outraged. I ſincerely thank you all for your intereſt in my welfare, and recommend

to

to whom it may concern, to reſtrain the paſſions."

After this addreſs he was permitted to return to his dungeon, to which he was attended by Hanſon, who then left him, to communicate to his friends the fatal event. He found that the evil tidings had already preceded him, and the deepeſt ſorrow fixed upon them, but more eſpecially the grief of Eve claimed his attention. Inconſolable by the voice and endearments of her father, ſhe could with difficulty be preſerved from fainting, and when Hanſon entered, he found her ſitting on the ſofa, ſupported on one ſide by his weeping ſiſter, on the other by the ſorrowful Jew. Their eyes alone communicated the language of their minds, it being impoſſible to give utterance to common expreſſions of grief. Hanſon ventured in ſilence to take the hand of Eve and preſs it to his lips, but ſhe withdrew it in haſte, and in a manner that filled him with diſmay.

He

He caſt his eyes upon his ſiſters, who were overwhelmed in tears, he was hurt at the behaviour of Eve, which wounded his feelings, and giving looſe to variety of paſſions which at once fluſhed upon him, he determined no longer to delay his intended interview with Squire Cyphon, whom he had vowed to bring to a ſevere account, and now haſtened to pūt his project in execution.

CHAP. VIII.

Let darkneſs overſhadow it. Yea, let the clouds of night enwrap it, and nature tremble.

THE gloomy frown which ſuddenly overcaſt the brow of Hanſon as he haſtened from the room, raiſed ſuſpicion in the mind of Edward, and terrified Eve. "I am wrong," ſaid ſhe, "in receiving him ſo. O my friend, if you knew the agitation of my mind, you would not wonder at my inconſiſtence. I ſcarcely know what I do. But run, I beg, dear Edward—prevent if poſſible any miſchief between Hanſon and Cyphon, for I very much ſuſpect, from ſome hints I have heard and the preſent manner of his behaviour, that a purpoſe of revenge has hurried him away."

Edward

Edward was of the ſame opinion, though all his apprehenſions turned on the ſafety of Hanſon, who he feared might fall by the treachery of his adverſary; he therefore haſtened out, not ſo much with intention to prevent the rencounter, if he found ſuch the purpoſe of his friend, as providing againſt unfair advantages.

The trial had continued till late in the evening, ſo that it was now perfectly dark, involving Eve in a ſtate of fearful ſuſpenſe, which every moment increaſed. The benevolent Jew, whilſt his own feelings were ſeverely wounded, endeavoured to pour hope into the boſom of his afflicted daughter, but he found the inefficacy of words, when grief preys upon the mind, and perhaps he did not advance his expectations of future good, with that confidence which could gain attention from one labouring under immediate and ſuſpended evil.

The mind of Eve was divided and diſtracted, ſhe felt a great degree of attachment to Hanſon, but the company of the broken ſpirited Theodore had revived in her thoſe ideas, which ever occur at ſight of the object of a firſt paſſion. Moraliſts may define, and metaphyſicians may deduce, but human nature will ſtill retain its principles, in ſpite of every fine drawn theory. It is therefore poſſible the affections may ſuſpend between two objects, it is therefore not unnatural that Eve, at ſight of Theodore, and though attached to Hanſon, ſhould find much of her former affections return, and heſitate to reſolve.

It cannot be ſaid that ſhe was influenced by the moſt diſtant hope of union; ſhe beheld Theodore on the brink of an ignominious grave, to him therefore ſhe could be only tied by the indeſcribable faſcination of love; a ſentiment of delicacy alſo had ſome influence. She fancied accepting the addreſſes of Hanſon,

under

under ſo peculiar a ſituation, would appear like a determination to have ſome one, and in fact ſhe could not reſolve to take one man for her huſband, whilſt ſhe was conſcious of a partiality for another, though that other ſhould be even mouldering in the grave.

Animated by this ſentiment, ſhe had abruptly withdrawn her hand from Hanſon, and as inſtantly repented when ſhe obſerved the change in his countenance. He had not deſerved this capricious behaviour, ſhe was conſcious of having allowed him to hope, ſhe ſaw that he loved her, and ſhe ſickened at a ſituation ſo ſtrangely embarraſive. But now, as the hours paſſed away without the return of the friends, ſhe began to reproach herſelf with having hurried him to ſome act of violence, that might perhaps have been wholly prevented, had ſhe not by her inconſiſtent behaviour irritated that anger, but too much enkindled before. Her father would have perſuaded her to retire to reſt, but her mind was

too much agitated, and every hour seemed lengthened beyond its accustomed duration. Two o'clock had already been struck by a neighbouring church clock, but neither signs nor sounds of their approach drew nigh, and she could no longer refrain expressing the extent of her fears.

Sheehem endeavoured to reason with her apprehensions, by representing the probability of their having gone to Theodore, to pass with him as much time as his sentence would allow. "For if" said he, "Hanson had entertained those designs thou apprehendest, this is not the time, neither do I think Cyphon would be prevailed on by any instigation to hazard his life; let us not then wrest into evil what perhaps is only a common oversight, and at any rate there is Edward to prevent treachery. But tell me, my darling, (went he on, for he was desirous to engage her attention in conversation) am not I right in conjecture, when I suppose thee to have transferred

transferred to Hanſon thoſe affections which once were Theodore's."

"Alas!" replied ſhe, "where is the ſignification of my affections? Theodore is condemned, and Hanſon, for ought I know, is by this time murdered."

"You raiſe up," ſaid the Jew, "images of terror, that only exiſt in fancy; this late hour, the ſolemn ſtillneſs of the night, and the train of misfortunes we have witneſſed, is ſufficient indeed to excite ideas of melancholy, but let us truſt that no new accident hath happened."

The clattering of horſes feet now interrupted them, and excited their attention, but paſſing by they felt the full force of the diſappointment, tears ſtarted from the eyes of Eve, who half overcome by drowſineſs, which bent down her eyelids, reſted her

head upon the edge of the table, ſinking into a kind of reverie.

Shechem pleaſed to ſee that nature in ſome meaſure exerted her influence, aroſe and opening the window, leaned out to look for the return of Hanſon and Edward. He had no belief in their ſuppoſed viſit to Theodore. Edward having left them expreſsly to bring news of Hanſon. The number of hours already elapſed inſpired in him fearful forbodings that ſome accident muſt have happened to one or both. Three and four o'clock had ſtruck, but no perſon appeared, and Shechem found himſelf completely miſerable; he had remained at the window, that he might not interrupt the ſlumber of his daughter, the candle was burnt down to the ſocket, and a ſtreak of morning dawned at a diſtance. What, thought he, is man in this life of perpetual care, what an inſignificant miſerable being; what with his actual ills, retroſpections of paſt,

and

and anticipations of future, he ſeems deſtined to a circumvolution of ſuffering.

At this moment he perceived a man walking haſtily down the town; he was unable to diſtinguiſh exactly who it was by the light, though he believed it to be Edward. He beckoned to Shechem, who haſtened with as little noiſe as poſſible to admit him, preſaging ſome accident from his returning alone.

The houſe they occupied had been hired for their uſe, ſo that Shechem conducted him into the parlour, and had he been a man unaccuſtomed to the ſudden emergencies of fortune, he would have been unable to ſtand the ſhock of his appearance; but Shechem, though he could feel the moſt trivial of human diſtreſſes, poſſeſſed a ſoul which was calm amidſt the wideſt devaſtation, and collected, amidſt univerſal deſtruction.

He perceived that the cloaths of Edward were ſtained with blood; that he had loſt his hat, and that a handkerchief was bound round his forehead; he had alſo in his hand a naked ſword, and appeared exhauſted with fatigue; nevertheleſs, the deſcendant of Abraham commanding his feelings, enquired what was become of Hanſon, and how he came in ſuch a condition?

"I have ſcarcely," he replied, "two minutes to ſay, what can hardly be repeated in two hours—Hanſon is deſperately wounded, and is now at the Red Dragon on —— road. I muſt, if poſſible, ſee my wife for a minute, and yet I fear to ſhock her by this condition."

"Why ſhould you ſee her?" ſaid Shechem, "You had better retire to your chamber, and let me ſend for a ſurgeon."

"I believe,"

"I believe," he replied, "I am in no danger from theſe ſcratches, but I muſt quit the kingdom, as I have killed the keeper of the madhouſe in a duel, and I wiſh to reconcile Sophia to follow me."

"Attend, I beg," ſaid Shechem, ſuppreſſing his ſurprize, "this is indeed an emergency of moment, and will be too much for your wife, who has not long been laid down. I myſelf will endeavour to ſoften it to her, and if it is poſſible, make the moſt of your time in flying to France, from whence you may write, and ſhe can then follow you in ſafety."

As this advice appeared moſt rational, Edward haſtily changed his cloaths, and accepting of Shechem a ſufficient ſupply to defray his expences, in leſs than half an hour quitted the town, leaving a ſhort note for his wife. This ſudden tranſaction over, Shechem ſtood

for ſome minutes as much confounded as if he had ſeen an apparition; ſo many claims now crouded to his attention, that he knew not to which firſt to attend. He ſaw the neceſſity of haſtening to Hanſon, but how could he break the matter to his daughter, and to Sophia, yet this muſt inſtantly be done, and with a heavy heart he aſcended the ſtairs.

Eve had juſt ſtarted from the interrupted doze, into which ſhe had fallen, and was riſing with terror to enquire after her father when he entered the room. He advanced, and took her hand, then ſtopped, unable to ſay what he knew would ſo greatly diſtreſs her.

"I perceive," ſaid ſhe, calmly, "you have ſomething bad to tell me, but I had a dream that has compoſed me to ſuffer all the inflictions of Providence. I will learn no more to repine, and receive with fortitude whatever is prepared me."

"Then,"

"Then" cried Shechem, "kiſſing her, thou art my daughter, and the bleſſing of the God of Abraham, Iſaac, and Jacob, reſt upon thee. Prepare for yet another trial, and abide the event in patient reſignation."

She was ſilent, and he went on to inform her all he had heard, commending to her care the diſcovery to Sophia and her ſiſter, whilſt he proceeded to Hanſon, whoſe ſituation he encouraged her to hope was not much worſe than that of Edward.

"I will confeſs," ſaid ſhe, ſpeaking through the tears, which in defiance of her boaſted ſtrength guſhed from her eyes, "that I am more ſatisfied with certainty than ſuſpenſe, as I had every thing to fear from a character ſo ſavage as Squire Cyphon's. You know not the diſmal images that haunted my fancy, and made me miſerable indeed. I feel that now I have more than ordinary courage ariſing to combat

combat this new distress, and surely some portion of Theodore's spirit rests upon me."

Shechem smiled at this enthusiasm of expression, and glad to see that in the moment of trial, energy had taken place of feminine weakness, he again saluted her; then hobbled from the house to the inn, where he hired a chaise, to convey him to the Red Dragon.

When Edward had sallied out after his friend, he hastened instantly to the inn where he knew Squire Cyphon had put up, wisely considering that the most obvious point of Hanson's intention. He learnt on enquiry that Cyphon was already gone, and whilst he was ordering some wine from the hostess, with intent to watch the arrival of his friend, Hanson entered with a stern ferocity on his countenance, sufficiently indicative of the desperation of his purpose. He started back at sight of Edward, and was hastening away, but the latter following took him

him by the arm, eaſily reſtraining the ſlighteſt efforts he made to eſcape.

"We were all alarmed," ſaid Edward, "at your abrupt departure. What purpoſe can bring you to this place, when we ſo much require your preſence to ſuſtain us under the evil of Theodore's condemnation."

"Leave me, I conjure you," cried Hanſon, "my purpoſe is fixed, and is the voice of honour."

"I underſtand," replied Edward, "I know you have intention to call Cyphon to account, but this is neither the time nor the place. Beſides, how on the eve of Theodore's dreadful fate, can you think of putting your deſign in execution. How much will it embitter his laſt moments, to know that either his father or his brother have ſuffered by the hand of the other. Beſides, how can you leave

Eve

Eve on the tortures of ſuſpenſe, ſuch as your abſence muſt give her."

"My abſence!" cried he, peeviſhly, "'Tis a pleaſure, I am hateful to her ſight, I know ſhe deſpiſes me, and I care not what may be the iſſue of this duel. I will by heaven and earth, I will attempt to avenge the wrongs of my father, my mother, my ſiſter, and my friend. Their united voice demands it of me, and all the daſtardly arguments of cowards cannot wreſt my purpoſe."

"You miſtake widely," replied Edward, with emphaſis, "I offer no argument from fear, but is it reaſon to put in the power of chance a life ſo valuable, and that againſt a villain, who is unworthy honourable treatment."

"'Tis very well," replied Hanſon, "thoſe arguments may be reaſonable and philoſophical,

cal, but I am not the man to be trod on without turning. If the law could give me reſtitution it were otherwiſe, but this is wholly out of its conſideration, and I ſwear by the ſpirit of my father, his deſtroyer ſhall not exult in ſafety. Return then, Edward, go to the company of women, and reconcile them to any event by your cool maxims; but I have not traverſed the burning ſands of Arabia, and plundered with the furious and blood-thirſty robber of the deſert, to ſtand a tame ſpectator when my friends and relations are ſwept away before my eyes."

This ſpeech had its effect upon Edward, he was indeed cooler and more prudent than Hanſon, but he poſſeſſed courage and reſolution, and was beſides ſomewhat piqued at the inſinuations thrown out. "Since" ſaid he, "your purpoſe is fixed, and as this is not a petty quarrel at a brothel or gaming-houſe, but to ſend puniſhment where common modes

modes cannot reach, command me to the laſt drop of my blood."

"Well ſaid, my brave fellow!" cried Hanſon, "You are now worthy to be my companion in a cauſe ſo noble, and now let us inſtantly ſet about this glorious taſk."

Edward returned to the inn to make further enquiry into the rout Cyphon had taken, whilſt Hanſon haſtened to a riding houſe to procure horſes, having already provided piſtols and a ſword. Theſe latter accoutrements Edward found means to procure for himſelf, and then haſtened to the place of rendezvous, from whence they followed the track of their enemies.

It had been ſome time dark before they ſet out, ſo that they had no aſſurance of overtaking them, but in the ſuppoſition of their own ſafety, which would probably keep them in

in the high road, ſo long as it continued towards Cyphon's reſidence. The night was extremely dark, not a ſingle ſtar ſhone through the maſs of clouds to direct them, but inſpired by the ſpirit of valour, they rode forward at full ſpeed, without attending to the road. In about an hour they reached an inn, where they had the ſatisfaction to learn that the chaiſe had changed horſes not more than twenty minutes before them. Not waiting an inſtant for further enquiry, they ſpurred forward, often fancying they could diſtinguiſh the rattling of a carriage at a diſtance, which ſerved to encreaſe their ardour.

They now came to a part of the road which dividing involved them in doubt, the one appearing to be the main road by its breadth, but branching away in an oppoſite direction to that of Cyphon's abode; the other was a dark lane, overhung with oaks and elms, whoſe branches interwove, rendered the gloom more impervious.

"The

"The villain," cried Hanſon, "loves the regions of darkneſs; we ſhall therefore probably find him in a road, diſmal enough for a conduction to Pandemonium."

On this ſuppoſition they turned down the lane, into tenfold darkneſs, and owing to the unevenneſs of the turf were often nearly thrown from their horſes. One advantage they perceived in the ſoftneſs of the road, it preventing the clattering of their horſes ſounding the alarm, though at the ſame time it alſo ſunk the rattling of any carriage at a diſtance.

They continued in this gloomy lane, without any addition of hope, till they arrived at a ford of water of conſiderable depth. Whilſt they were endeavouring to diſcover the moſt paſſable place, they could diſtinguiſh on the breeze which floated down the lane, the voices of ſeveral men, and Hanſon even fancied he could trace Cyphon and the keeper.

Conſiderations

Conſiderations of perſonal ſafety were inſtantly forgot, their horſes were plunged into the ſtream, and out of breath with the exertion of ſwimming, were ſpurred forward by the impetuoſity of the riders. In leſs than three minutes they came up to a carriage, which might have eſcaped in the dark, but for the voices of the perſons around it. Their numbers were not taken into conſideration. Hanſon rode up to the door to examine who were there, whilſt Edward prevented the driver proceeding.

"Here, here," cried a perſon, Hanſon inſtantly knew to be his enemy. "Take my purſe, and all that, and let us go on, for heaven's ſake."

"No, no," replied Hanſon in fury, Villain, I know you. I am no robber; You are the vile plunderer, the legalized deſtroyer. I am Hanſon. I am the man whom you ſold for a ſlave, whom you ſent to fight the battles of

of injuſtice—whoſe father you deſtroyed—whoſe ſiſter you polluted—Do you know me now. I am come to demand the retribution for your crimes. Prepare then inſtantly. I give you the advantage of a man."

The keeper, who was a paſſionate brutiſh fellow, at this addreſs, without ſpeaking, diſcharged a piſtol through the carriage window, but without miſchief, his aim being taken at gueſs. Meanwhile Cyphon called loudly, with curſes and threats, on the driver to proceed, who ſpurred his horſe, and exerciſed his whip. Edward, who was not to be trifled with, brought him to the ground with a ſevere ſtroke on the head, and haſtened up to the carriage with a piſtol cocked, to revenge the fire of the keeper, but the ſervant who was behind coming up, and attempting to grapple Edward, received the contents in his ſhoulder.

With cool intrepidity Edward wheeled round to the oppoſite ſide of the carriage.

Hanſon

Hanſon opened the door where he ſtood, vowing if the coward ſoul of Cyphon durſt not give him the ſatisfaction of honourable terms, he would ſhoot him as he ſat.

This menace arouſed the dormant ferocity of Cyphon, his imperious ſpirit inſtantly caught fire, and graſping at his arms, he cried out, "Wretch that thou art, inſignificant germ of a maggot, ſtand by, and tremble at my wrath. Who art thou that dar'ſt lift thy ſacrilegious hand againſt a deſcendant of the Cyphons, thou who art unworthy to breath the ſame air?"

A volley of curſes were vented on the part of the keeper, whoſe notions of honour were ſavage violence. The laws of equality were with him the laws of folly, for he conſidered that when a man ſtood ſtill to receive the fire of his adverſary, if killed, he ſhould loſe his turn; he therefore haſtened to procure himſelf the priority, at the inſtant when

when Cyphon deſcended from the chaiſe, in acceptance of the challenge of Hanſon, which however his fears prompted, his ſenſe of dignity would not permit him to refuſe. The keeper threw open the door on his ſide, and with an imprecation fired at Edward. The ball grazed along his forehead, and feeling himſelf wounded as well as irritated by ſo treacherous a proceeding, he inſtantly fired, then daſhing his piſtol in an aim the flaſh had given him, he leaped from his horſe, running ſword in hand to cut down the keeper.

This man who had been familiar in actions of blood, but did not expect ſo vigorous an aſſault, darted at the ſame inſtant from the carriage, armed with a broad ſword, which he uſed at random in the dark. It was impoſſible to attempt coolly to parry a thruſt, when it could not be ſeen, and therefore Edward ſtriking in a ſloped direction with his ſword, to turn aſide any blow that might be coming, cloſed with his adverſary, and ſhortening

ening his point, ſtabbed him twice into the body, at which the keeper fell down with a groan and expired.

In the mean time Hanſon and Cyphon had taken the ground at random, and fired their firſt ſhot, without taking place, but the momentary illumination diſcovering their poſition, their ſecond fire had an equal effect, both being dangerouſly wounded.

"I have received your fire," cried Hanſon, "but I am not ſatisfied. The crimes you have committed are not yet expiated, and I defy you to continue the combat till you either own yourſelf the blackeſt monſter the earth ſuffers on its groaning boſom, or till we both fall."

"Worm!" cried Cyphon, in choler, "Inſignificant brat of a three-halfpenny curate, a fellow whom I turned out for rent: What

waſt thou? Did not I ſend thee to ſchool, and pay for thy education? but chance has made you an upſtart, and all that. Know, that one drop of the blood of the Cyphons, is more valuable than all that ever flowed in the dirty veins of thy whole generation ſince the days of Adam, and yet thou dareſt defy me."

"Miſerable ſelf-created being of non-importance," replied Hanſon, in a tone of the deepeſt contempt: "of what value is thy boaſted birth, ſince it only gave the power to be a villain? Of what value is thy exiſtence to mankind, when no eye ſhall weep at thy death? and of what value is thy mighty anceſtry, when the laſt of thoſe illuſtrious perſonages ſhall, the day after to-morrow, be hanged like a dog, or common thief."

This reproach was too much for the keen pride of Cyphon; burſting with rage he cried out to Hanſon to make ready, ſwearing that he

he would ſtand his fire, whilſt a nerve gave him ſtrength to draw the trigger.

In this temper they charged and fired at the ſame time, with the moſt inveterate animoſity, but both being again wounded, they ſunk upon the ground.

Edward, though cut in ſeveral places of his arm, now came up, and raiſing his friend from the ground, ſupported him to his horſe, which he mounted with extreme difficulty.

The ſervants at the ſame time buſying themſelves, as well as their wounds would permit, in placing their maſter in the carriage, who vowed to proſecute with all the thunder of the law, the outrage he had ſuffered.

Faint with loſs of blood, Hanſon was conducted at an eaſy pace to the Red Dragon,

where he was admitted to a bed, and as any delay might be fatal, Edward ſlightly bound up his hand and arm, and mounting a freſh horſe, haſtened to ſend a ſurgeon, and acquaint his friends with this event.

CHAP.

CHAP. IX.

When you have thought on this, then anſwer me,
If theſe be hours of courtſhip?

OEDIPUS.

WHEN Benſadi arrived at the Red Dragon, he found a ſurgeon attending in the room where Hamſon lay, who had ſuffered ſo much from loſs of blood, that it was deemed dangerous to attempt extracting the balls, untill reſt ſhould in ſome degree have fitted him for exertion.

"I am ſomething ſatisfied," ſaid he to the Jew, that I have revenged my injuries on the head of the old tyrant. I ſhall now be willing to die."

"How ſo" demanded Shechem? "Were I in thy ſituation I ſhould deſire to live."

"This is not the time," replied he, "to ſtand on punctilio. I will candidly own then, that I have long loved your daughter, but her paſſion for Theodore prevents her partiality for me. I am hurt at her coldneſs. I ſee ſhe cannot return my affection, and without her I do not deſire to live."

"I believe thou mayeſt think ſo at preſent," anſwered Shechem, "and that thou loveſt my daughter by thy melancholy accents, but doſt thou not know that even if ſhe could return thy affection, thou art a chriſtian?

"No," replied Hanſon, "I am not a chriſtian, unleſs being born in Chriſtendom conſtitutes me ſuch. My religion is univerſal, it embraces all ſects, countries, and tongues. 'Tis the religion of reaſon, and as to the various modes of expreſſion in England, I can liſten

liſten with attention to the national faith—at Smyrna and Jeruſalem to the law of Moſes—in Arabia to that of Mahomet—and I do not ſee why, becauſe I do not think exactly like another, that the affairs of life ſhould be retarded."

Shechem ſmiled. "Well," ſaid he, "this is my daughter's buſineſs, with her you muſt ſettle it."

After ſome time the ſurgeon entered, and having procured other aſſiſtance, he propoſed to probe the wounds, which operation the feelings of the Jew not being familiar with, he retired to a private room to reflect, and to prop up falling nature by a ſlight refreſhment.

Hanſon being much exhauſted by the tortures he underwent, was for a time relieved by a reſtorative cordial and an opiate, being then left to the protection of the nurſe. In

the mean time Shechem walked in the garden, and liſtened to the bells which proclaimed to the glad peaſants that it was Sunday. He ſat down on a bank, and his benevolence was gratified in beholding the gay ſons and daughters of labour, with ſun-burnt faces and gaudy coloured dreſſes, haſtening to the churches, or to viſit ſome lover or relation. Yet, thought he, ſome ſelf ſtiled philoſophers*, men who know not the heat and burden of the day, would deſtroy this excellent inſtitution, becauſe it robs the nation of a ſeventh of its labour. Is man than become a ſlave? Is the meal of the next hour only to be provided by the drudgery of the preſent? This indeed is too generally the caſe, but let us ſee the benefits ariſing from this addition of national labour. Why then, the poor would earn more, would be able to pay more taxes, and a few might then ride in their coaches, who now walk on foot.

* Some modern Reformers who talk of Liberty.

It muſt be confeſſed this was a Jewiſh reflection, and diverted from ſtriking itſelf farther by the arrival of a chaiſe, which brought Eve, and the ſiſters of Hanſon, to the Red Dragon. Shechem would have attempted to rally this viſit of his daughter, but he found that this was not a time, and that his ſpirits were far too low. He received them with his wonted ſmile of goodneſs, and attempted to chear the fears of Sophia, who was greatly afflicted at the ſudden departure of her huſband, and would immediately have followed him, had ſhe been acquainted with his route.

So many intereſts now demanded the attention of Shechem, that he knew not which to attend to firſt, for however his care might be required by thoſe around him, his thoughts returned to the unhappy Theodore, immerſed in the dungeons of condemnation, and left to all the miſery of ſolitary reflection, with the ſpeedy proſpect of to-morrow's arrival, when

he was doomed to make retribution to the laws of his country, and plunge into the vortex of dark uncertainty. A picture like this could not fail affecting the mind of the Jew; he saw no danger that could attend committing to the care of his daughter and Hanson's sisters, the care of their wounded brother; and he determined to hasten to Theodore, whose spirits he knew must droop at this seeming neglect.

He imparted to them his intention, and desired that Hanson might not be disturbed, as his present weakness rendered any agitation extremely dangerous; but though Eve would have been the last person to retard his cure, she yet could not forbear, after her father's departure, stealing a visit to the sick room, to convince herself from observation of the true state of the patient.

She had been informed that he was fallen into a doze, and that the nurse remained alone with

with him. She wisely considered that though her entrance might not interrupt his sleep, being accompanied by his sisters might, she therefore slipped away from them, and was admitted by the nurse, who endeavoured in a low voice to satisfy her enquiries.

The entrance of Eve had not been so silent as to escape the notice of Hanson, who started at the most trifling sound, and turning round he raised his eyes on the object he least expected to see.

"Leave me," said he, faintly, "Suffer me, too lovely Eve, to die in peace, since I am the object of your hatred."

"I hate you!" said Eve, with simplicity. "No, very far from it Hanson."

"How!" cried he, with more spirit than he could have been supposed to possess, "Am

I then ſo bleſſed, am I then loved by the charming, the excellent Eve?"

"I did not ſay ſo," replied ſhe, bluſhing, "Is there no medium between love and hatred."

"True," ſaid he, "very true, I once thought your friendſhip alone could make me bleſſed, but I am glad that I ſhall ſoon be no more, ſince your affections cannot receive a warmer impreſſion. Ah! lovely Eve, what ſhall I ſay? For whilſt I would endeavour to explain to you the fervour of my love, my ardent deſires, I feel that I ſhall perhaps very ſhortly be incapable of action, and like Theodore, leave this earth, unbleſſed by the ſociety of the woman, on whom my ſoul doated to delight—to miſery."

A picture like this, expreſſions ſo ſad from the man, who at leaſt was equal in heart to

any

any other; inſtantly fixed the heſitating reaſon of Eve; and giving way to the ſudden impreſſion it had made upon her, ſhe burſt into tears, and ſat down on a chair beſide the bed.

"Live, I beſeech you," ſaid ſhe, in a voice ſcarcely audible for tears, "I will not diſguiſe to you my weakneſs. Yes, Hanſon, you are dear to me, but you know that I loved Theodore—you know his virtues—you know his terrible ſituation at this hour. Can I then give encouragement to love? Can I accept another, whilſt he lies under ſentence of death? Pity me, Hanſon, judge of my diſtracted mind, and ſpare me. This confeſſion ought to content you. Your reſemblance to Theodore was the firſt attraction you poſſeſſed. Live then, but allow me time to overcome the agitation which diſtracts me."

"Excellent

"Excellent girl," replied he, "pardon me—overlook my ſelfiſhneſs—allow me a proſpect of hope, and I am contented. I will endeavour to live, ſince you wiſh it, and truſt my deſires to your generoſity."

Here the nurſe interpoſed, in regard to her patient, and Eve willingly retired, for ſhe felt ſo much confuſion at the confeſſion ſhe had made, that ſhe wiſhed to retire to reflect, and ſatisfy herſelf that her actions were conſiſtent with decorum.

Shechem found Theodore firm and collected, though ſunk in the profoundeſt melancholy. He qualified as much as conſiſtency permitted, the action between Hanſon and his father, and would wholly have ſuppreſſed it, had any other excuſe preſented to account for their abſence and neglect, in not bidding him a laſt adieu.

"I have

"I have considered," replied Theodore, "that in the most enviable situation, there is little for us to desire to live; but when I look into the more humble stations, I see much for us to desire to die. This new transaction has confirmed my opinion, and I almost pity those whom I shall leave behind me. I have in the meditations of the night run over the state of man, from his most savage existence, to what is termed his refined mode of civilized life, but I find the view equally dark, and that blood and vice are the colourings of the picture. What is called still life, is a life of toil; and the envied station of the rich and the noble, is corroded by jealousies, and destroyed by jarring passions. The insatiate appetite of self-interest is universally predominate, and natural as it is, such is the ill construction of this world, that it cannot be satisfied in one, without advancing on the rights of another; even Nature herself, in all her varied degrees of existence, is imperfect. One class is alone called into being by the destruction

ſtruction of another. Man thrives on the plunder of man, and one animal engorges another. The plants ſpring up, wither, and die, then becoming manure to others, and the very elements deſtroy and produce each other. As members then of this univerſal maſs of corruption, I know not whether it is wiſdom to deſire to be, or not to be."

"You have plunged me," ſaid Shechem, "into a vaſt labyrinth of diſquiſition, where the light of human intellect is inadequate to illumine or to guide, and where every ſpeculation muſt lead to the mazes of doubt. I cannot then pronounce with deciſion, but this I can think, that if man is confined to this terrene habitation, if the limits of his exiſtence are no farther extended than while he gropes about on the ſurface of the earth, he is of all animals the moſt miſerable, and the tranſcendent gift, the mighty prerogative of reaſon, is but a mode of torment."

"I have,"

"I have," replied Theodore, "in ſituations where no human eye could penetrate, retired from life and from man. I have ſhut up my ſoul in the chambers of reflective reaſon, and given looſe to my doubts. I have even been on the point of concluding with the materialeſt, that all is the fruition of chance, and that the ſoul and body are one and indiviſible, and muſt periſh together. But when I remembered that no effect can be produced without a cauſe, I followed up the chain to the commencement of creation; and thus I ſaid, If there be no Creator, how came this harmony of parts, for chance muſt have produced cõnfuſion. The attributes of matter are extenſion, gravitation, and attraction, with theſe properties the various worlds muſt have ſunk into the bottom (if I may ſay ſo) of the vacuum, and by force of attraction been united in a maſs. How comes it then that they revolve in unceaſing and unvarying ecliptics? If chance produced men, and animals, and plants, why does not chance now produce them? Why do they

they not ſpring up ſpontaneouſly in our fields and woods? There muſt have been a firſt of each, whence, when, and how were they produced by chance? Thus I beheld deſign, and beheld a God. Again, for the argument was ſpecious, that our ſoul and body was the ſame, I reflected that if *one*, the vital ſpirit muſt fly off and decay, the ſame as the body, and therefore in a courſe of years not one particle remain the ſame; thus the next moment I ſhould be a different being, and the ſoul of a year hence could not be puniſhed for a crime committed by the ſoul of to day. What alſo muſt become of memory, and how, if always changing, how am I conſcious of being the ſame? Yet I can trace back my actions for years, I am conſcious that I am, and have been, and therefore my ſoul is not the ſame as my body, but a purer ſubſtance, becauſe like the body it does not evaporate. The metaphyſicians of to-day tell us the ſoul is without parts. Why don't they ſay at once there is no ſuch thing? for 'tis the ſame as ſaying that

that a thing can be, and not be at the ſame time; for whatever is muſt have parts, or extenſion. We ſee that the body cannot act without the ſoul, from whence we may infer that the ſoul can act without the body; becauſe if it can act within, may it not act without, the body being mere matter, and can add nothing to the qualities of ſpirit."

"I no longer doubt," replied Shechem. "I never did doubt of the being of a God, but I knew not what to think when I ſaw the abominations daily committed with impunity. When I ſaw man-ſlaughter taught as a ſcience, and the name of the Moſt High profaned, as ſanctioning the murder of thoſe beings he would have permitted to live. Where, thought I, was Providence, when Alexander ſlaughtered his thouſands? Where, when the gold-thirſting Spaniards put the knife to the throats of millions of Mexicans and Peruvians? and where, but alas! my friend, thy ſoul ſickens

at

at the picture, and I will believe there must be a time of retribution."

"Perhaps," ſaid Theodore, "the crimes themſelves produce ſufficient puniſhment. A wounded mind is a companion that permits no reſt to the harrowed ſoul, but follows alike to the banquet and the pillow; beſides, is there a petty crime that brings not with it a puniſhment?"

I know not whether my readers may take pleaſure in attending to the diſcourſe of a dungeon, or to thoſe deep reflections the misfortunes and impending fate of Theodore excited. Perhaps the gayer ſcenes of life may pleaſe them better, and feeling in themſelves the truth of thoſe poſitions, may endeavour to ſhake off the dull conſideration, and aim to live, whilſt to live is allowed them.

Shechem returned at night to the inn, where he found Hanſon ſomething better, and the ladies

ladies calmed into reſignation, endeavoured to ſupport themſelves under the event of to-morrow. Eve found it impoſſible to ſuſtain herſelf under a laſt farewell, her ſoul recoiled with a chill ſhudder from the thought of embracing for the laſt time, a man whom ſhe had loved, and who was to be torn from before her, and extended on a gibbet.

But though his two ſiſters underwent much the ſame ſenſation, they retained firmneſs enough once more to bid him adieu, and mingle their tears with his. Shechem wiſhed them to remain behind, as well from his fear of their inability to ſupport ſo great a ſhock, as that they might ſuſtain the ſpirits of his daughter, but finding them determined to go, he did not venture to oppoſe them.

An unuſual ſolemnity ſeemed to them to reign in the priſon, and as they advanced a dampneſs crept over them. The grating bolts

bolts ſmote upon their hearts with terror, and when they entered the cell they ſunk down, overcome with ſickneſs and fear. Some water was provided to recover them, and Shechem, notwithſtanding all his firmneſs, was glad to ſwallow a few ſpoonfuls, which reſtored to him the power of utterance.

This ſcene was grievous to Theodore, who ſeemed reanimated with new firmneſs, in place of diſmay, at approaching diſſolution. He embraced his ſiſters and Shechem. "Why" ſaid he, "do you lament at my happineſs? either I am going to meet Eliza, or this day I ceaſe for ever to be, and oblivion will enſhroud me. Do not then embitter this my day of triumph, but let me ſee you reſigned and ſmiling, that I may recall to mind the delight I experienced the firſt day I beheld you in your father's cottage."

"Oh!" cried the youngeſt, throwing her arms about his neck, "ſurely they will not have

have the barbarity to hang ſo amiable a man. Is it not all a dream? Am I really awake?"

"True, my ſiſter," ſaid Theodore, and now for the firſt time a tear ſtarted in his eye, as he preſſed her to his boſom, and kiſſed her cheek, which though blooming, had now faded to a cold white. "True," ſaid he, "this is all a dream, and you would prevent my waking before you, to enjoy a more happy reality."

The door was now opened by the keeper, and two men advanced with implements to knock off his irons.

"Who are theſe," cried Sophia, ſtarting up with a look of wildneſs, "Oh! my brother, what are they going to do? Surely, ſurely, they will not take you from us. Take me," cried ſhe, throwing herſelf before them, "he is not guilty, he is indeed not guilty."

The

The colour flushed in the faces of the men, for what heart could resist the impression of compassion, when enforced by the voice of beauty and grief. They stopped, they hesitated, and agreed to wait yet half an hour. This trivial respite was quickly elapsed, and they again entered, attended by a clergyman, who endeavoured to exert the voice of reason, to still the tumults of nature and passion.

They were torn from his embrace by violence, and as he quitted the cell, sunk down in a fainting fit, to which even Shechem had not strength to attend. That benevolent descendant of Abraham found himself so shocked the moment he lost sight of Theodore in the gloomy passage of the prison, that reflection faded from him, and he cast himself on the ground in a momentary suspension of reason. He then arose and made an effort to follow Theodore, but he found his enfeebled frame had received a stroke so violent, that his strength refused to sustain him, and in a gloomy

gloomy kind of fortitude he ſat down, gazing on the two ſiſters, who remained inſenſible, notwithſtanding the efforts of the ſurgeon, who inſtantly attended.

In the mean time the melancholy proceſſion, attended by vaſt crowds of weeping ſpectators, advanced ſlowly to the place of execution.—No ſmile was viſible on any of their features, and many quitted a ſcene too mournful for their feelings. With a calm and ſettled dignity Theodore ſuſtained his ſituation, he endeavoured to ſmile upon the crowd, but again his features relaxed to the ſolemnity they had long acquired.

When they arrived at the platform, a dead ſilence prevailed, whilſt Theodore pronounced with the Miniſter a ſhort prayer, but this office finiſhed, an univerſal ſound of weeping was heard, and Theodore contemplated for a moment the many who pitied his fate. He advanced, by permiſſion of the

Sheriff, to the edge of the cart, and waving his hand to the people, they were hushed into silence. "Learn, my friends," said he, "from this the obedience due to the laws. It is necessary I should thus suffer for the outrage I have committed, and let all mankind learn, that when passion overcomes reason, desolation is the consequence."

He then remained silent, and taking from his bosom the picture of Eliza, pressed it to his lips, and afterwards gave it to the Minister. "Now," said he, "I am ready, and tell my father, that with my last breath I forgive the wrongs he has done me, as I consider them proceeding from erroneous reasoning, and the unrestrained passion of power."

The knot was then fixed; the cart withdrew, and the sufferings of Theodore ended.

A general groan burst from the spectators. Murmurings of execration were mingled in the

the air with the names of Theodoric and Cyphon; after the uſual time, the body was cut down, and delivered to the proxies of Shechem, by whom it was afterwards interred in the ſame tomb with Eliza.

A meſſenger immediately ſet out for the habitation of Cyphon, who lay wounded, and a prey to all the ſuggeſtions of diſappointed ambition. He had employed all his intereſt to procure a reſpite or pardon, but never having learnt to cringe to any above him, delay ſucceeded to delay, till interceſſion became ineffectual. The certain knowledge of his ſon's death, ſtruck him like a clap of thunder over the head of a man committing ſome act of outrage; and the laſt dying ſpeech and confeſſion, which was cried beneath his windows, ſhook every nerve to anguiſh. He repented having purſued with ſo much madneſs a ſon, whoſe firmneſs he admired, and whoſe virtues he could not but acknowledge. Even pride loſt

loſt much in his ſight, as the ſuggeſtion naturally preſented, that had he liſtened to the wiſhes of his ſon, he might now have ſeen him happy, and been bleſſed with deſcendants to continue his name. The two eſtates devolving on Theodore would have enſured wealth and honour ſufficient; whereas now his brother had been murdered, himſelf ſtained in ſanguinary crimes, and his ſon executed by the hands of the common hangman.

Where was now the honour of accumulated dignity, where was now the boaſt of power? he alone, reduced by diſeaſe and corroſive jealouſy, remained the ſubject of deſpair, and ſmarting under the anguiſh of a mutilated frame. From reflections ſo galling to a man of his imperious nature, he ſtruggled to fly; and finding that opiates were adminiſtered to relieve the acute pains of the body, he applied a larger doze to alleviate the more excruciating ſufferings of his mind.

Perhaps,

Perhaps, on ſumming up his worldly account of happineſs to come, he found the balance ſo far againſt him, that ſpurning at the hand of retributive Juſtice, he reſolved to quit a ſtate now become inſupportable. Opium furniſhed the means, and cloſed the eyes of a man whoſe exiſtence was a curſe upon the earth, and whoſe death was conſidered by the neighbouring poor, as a judgment for his crimes, and a ſubject of rejoicing, as a liberation from ſlavery.

This event occaſioned ſome fear to Shechem and the Hanſons, who expected their brother might be called to account; but from this they were relieved by the depoſitions of the ſervants and the verdict of the jury, who very wiſely imputed it to inſanity, becauſe it was inconſiſtent with decency to bury a gentleman in a croſs-road, or mutilate the body of a man ſo wealthy; and if any doubt might remain, it was done away, by a ſelf-evident argument, advanced by the foreman.

"We

"We all know," ſaid he, "that to be reſpected and honoured has been the chief end, and motive and deſign of the life and actions of the 'Squire. And ſo, now Gentlemen, don't we all know that he hanged his ſon, rather than he ſhould marry, and have connection and live with a woman of a low and a groveling birth. Now this being clear, the 'Squire could not be in his ſenſes and right mind, as we ſay, or he would not have gone to run the hazard of being trod beneath the feet of every ſwine-driver and common beggar in the pariſh."

No one attempted to diſſent from ſo juſt an obſervation; and the perſon who had thrown Theodoric's eſtate into Chancery, to teſtify his ſorrow at the deceaſe of his relation, blazoned his virtues in marble, and ſucceeding ages will wonder at his charity, humanity, parental tenderneſs, and exemplary piety.

No.

No enquiry had been made into the decease of the keeper, whose death had been found accidental, as the servants, not having the fear of their master before their eyes, and having the gold of Shechem in their pockets, made oath that he was the first to begin the attack, which was in fact the case, and that, owing to the darkness, it was impossible to distinguish persons.

Time had restored to Hanson his strength, and taken from the grief of the ladies, whose thoughts again veered to the enjoyments of life. Eve had not yet consented to be the wife of Hanson, as she pleaded for a year to mourn the fate of Theodore, considering that propriety demanded this attention.

Edward, invited by the little notice taken of his late exploit, and trusting to the defect of witnesses, who could not possibly ascertain his person in a night so dark, ventured to return from France; and Shechem, retiring to the

the Minories, continued to extort from the ſpendthrift, to accumulate bond to bond, and in defiance of every Chriſtian example, to beſtow charity without applauſe, and benefit mankind in ſecret.

Let thoſe who mourn our Hero's wayward fate,
Learn to reſtrain with Reaſon's guiding pow'r
Impulſive paſſion, leſt repentance late
Should give to mis'ry each ſucceeding hour.

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